HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A
JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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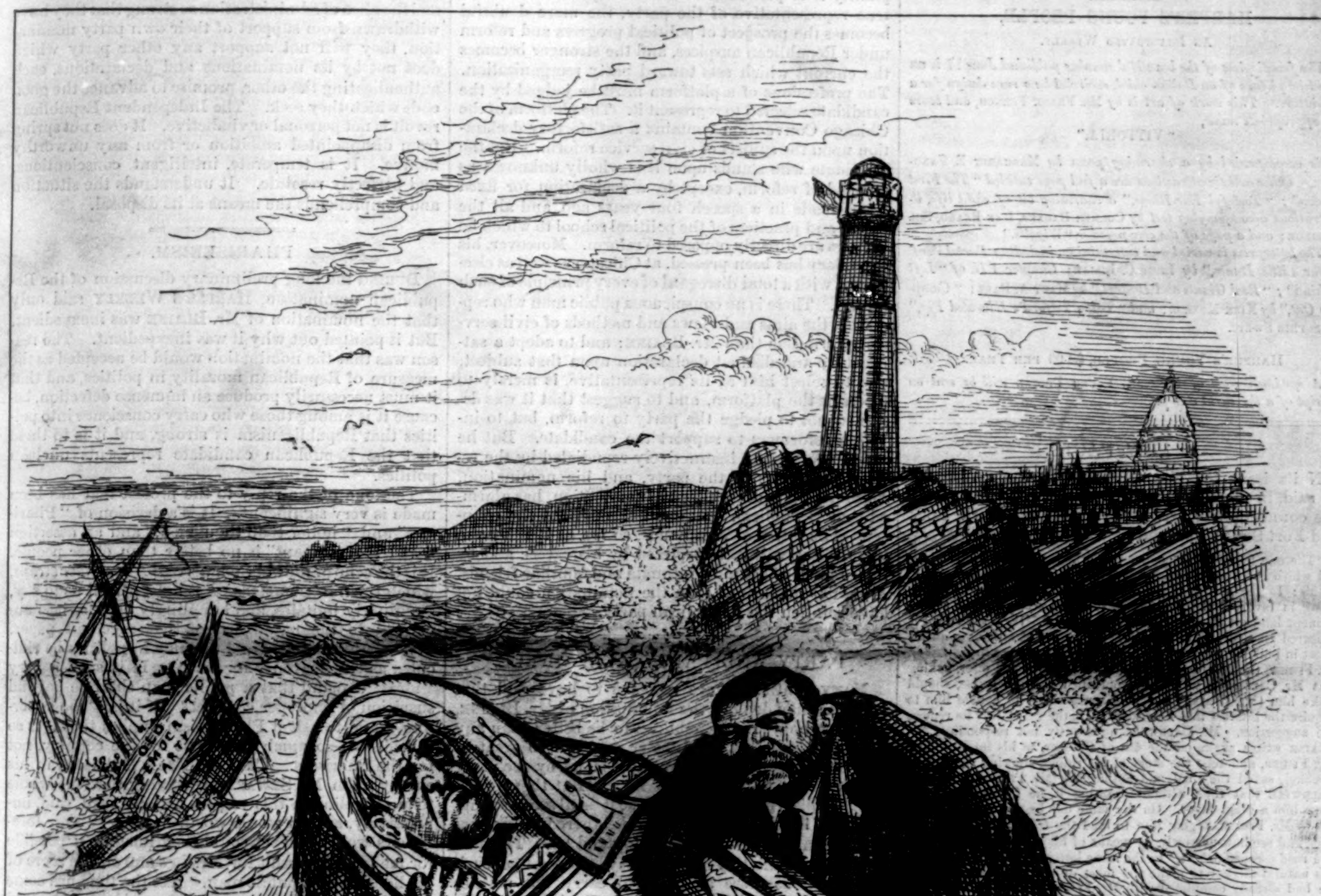
CIVIL SERVICE
REFORM
OLD DEMOCRATIC PARTY
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"I OUGHT NOT TO ASSUME A TASK WHICH I HAVE NOT THE PHYSICAL STRENGTH TO CARRY THROUGH."—(Tilden's Declination.)

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 21, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders promptly. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers of these periodicals for three years only.*

"It is decidedly peaceful in its teaching, and exercises a great influence in correct training and education."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly.

The frontispiece of the beautiful number published June 17 is an exquisite picture of an Italian child, encircled by a rare design for a miniature. This work of art is by Mr. Frank French, *and bears the appropriate name,*

"VITTORIA."

It is accompanied by a charming poem by Margaret E. Sangster. *Other artistic attractions are a full page entitled "The First Lesson"; "Tasteful Ear-Rings," a charming bit of child life, illustrations accompanying text by* Culmer Barnes, Dan Beard, Sol Eytinge; *and a page of the ever-popular "Wiggles."*

The letterpress is varied and entertaining, including Part IV. of "Our Little Dunce," by Lucy C. Lillie; *Chapter VII. of "Left Behind"; "Real Giants and Dwarfs," by* Mary A. Barr; *"Camping Out," by* Kirk Monroe; *and "Teddy Telford's Educated Pig," by* Sophie Swett.

Harper's Young People, $2 00 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

A FEW FACTS.

In its issue for May 10, 1884, **Harper's Weekly** said, in allusion to Mr. **Phelps**'s effort to explain the connection of Mr. **Blaine** with the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad:

> "The one fact in this controversy which remains undisturbed, and which the honest voter everywhere will plainly comprehend, is this: In the spring of 1869 Mr. Blaine, as Speaker, made a ruling in favor of the Little Rock Railroad securing to it a government land grant, which passed on April 9. Soon afterward it appeared that Mr. Blaine was very desirous of obtaining an interest in building the road, and on June 29 he wrote to his friend Mr. Fisher, the contractor, who had made him some offer, asking that Mr. Caldwell, who then controlled the enterprise, should make him (Mr. Blaine) a definite proposition to enable him to acquire the interest that he desired. On the 2d of July he renews the suggestion. Mr. Caldwell apparently not responding, Mr. Blaine writes again, on the 4th of October, to his intermediary, Mr. Fisher, and tells the story of his ruling, showing that he, as Speaker, saved the road, and authorizing Mr. Fisher to tell Mr. Caldwell that thus, without knowing it, he (Mr. Blaine) had done him a great favor. On the same day he writes another letter to Mr. Fisher, urging him to read the *Globe*, which he sends him, and see how narrowly, by means of his ruling, the bill aiding the road escaped defeat. In the same letter Mr. Blaine expresses his natural anxiety to make the most of the arrangement which he had already completed with Mr. Fisher, but states that he is bothered by Mr. Caldwell's delay. This repeated reference to his official action was apparently intended to bring Mr. Caldwell to the point. This is the natural and fair interpretation of the letters, and it is this which startled the country when the disclosures were first made, eight years ago. Our readers will judge for themselves whether this is a fair view of the letters, and whether Mr. Phelps's explanation removes this impression. We do not think that it does. But now, having what must be considered an explanation from Mr. Blaine himself, which leaves the question where it was, can anything be plainer than that his nomination would involve extraordinary risks for the Republican party? Could the party wisely venture upon a campaign which would inevitably turn upon the question whether its Presidential candidate had made his official action serve his personal advantage?"

Mr. **Phelps**'s letter was Mr. **Blaine**'s own explanation and defense, because, of course, it was not published without Mr. **Blaine**'s knowledge and consent. It was all that could be said to explain the transaction, and other similar transactions, and of this explanation **Harper's Weekly** declared that it was unsatisfactory. No subsequent word upon the subject has been spoken by Mr. **Blaine** or his friends. It has been asserted, indeed, that the story was a stale calumny; that the Republican masses demanded Mr. **Blaine**'s nomination; that "the people" had repudiated the slander; that Pharisees are no better than other people; and that dudes are very poor practical politicians. But not a word has been spoken or written to disprove the assertion that Mr. **Blaine**'s own letters show that he had used his official position and action to promote his personal advantage.

It has been alleged, indeed, with persistent inconsistency, that it is superfine morality to object to such things; that "they all do it"; that **Garfield** was aspersed in the same way; that **Washington** and all great and good men have been assailed with lies and billingsgate; that we must take men as they are; that those who protest against such things are political purists and supernaturalists and impracticable fools, flies on the wheel, premature angels, assistant Democrats, and whatever other epithets may occur to the eager and angry disputant. But when the shower of denunciation has passed, it still appears that no explanation whatever has been offered of the fact that the Speaker of the American House of Representatives called attention to his favorable official ruling as a reason for admitting him to a pecuniary interest in a railroad enterprise, and suggested that he had many ways of making himself useful to the enterprise, and would not be a "dead-head" in it. Such facts are revelations and illustrations of methods and morals which render a man unfit for the Presidency, and if a great majority of the Republican party select him as a candidate, it must be assumed that it is because they do not disapprove them. It can not be said that they do not believe them, because the facts have not been disproved, and Republicans who value the character and purpose of the party more than its name can not consent to injure them by sustaining such a representative of the party of **Lincoln** and **Sumner**.

The more strenuously it is urged and the more plainly it is proved that the Chicago candidate is a true representative of the party, the more doubtful becomes the prospect of political progress and reform under Republican auspices, and the stronger becomes the current which sets toward party reorganization. The professions of a platform must be judged by the candidate selected to represent it. The platform of the Chicago Convention contains a satisfactory declaration upon the subject of civil service reform. But the candidate who stands upon it is wholly unknown as a friend of reform, except by a declaration for fixed terms made in a speech four years ago, and all the tenets and practices of the political school to which he belongs are directly opposed to reform. Moreover, his candidacy has been pressed, at Chicago as well as elsewhere, with a total disregard of every principle of such reform. There is no conspicuous public man who represents the aims and views and methods of civil service reform less than Mr. **Blaine**; and to adopt a satisfactory and distinct declaration upon that subject, and to select him as its representative, is merely to discredit the platform, and to suggest that it was designed not to pledge the party to reform, but to inveigle reformers to support the candidate. But he was instantly and instinctively repudiated by the reform sentiment of the party, and his nomination, more than any other possible nomination, has alarmed that Republican sentiment throughout the country. His letter of acceptance, so far as it relates to this subject, will be interpreted by his career and by the conduct of his most intimate and familiar friends. A greater misfortune than the nomination could not have befallen the Republican party.

PARTY AND PARTY ALLEGIANCE.

Many gentlemen are reported to have said that much as they deplore the nomination of Mr. **Blaine**, they yet hold any Republican to be better than any Democrat, and that no disaster could be so great as Democratic success. They must stand by the party nominations, let come what may. But they forget that if this view be sound now, it is always sound, and that if it had always prevailed there would never have been a Republican party to stand by. The men who formed the Republican party believed that such organizations were agencies to carry out policies which were founded upon certain principles and convictions, and that fidelity to those principles and convictions required opposition to any party action that betrayed them. They did not place party above the great objects of party, nor hold that patriotism was satisfied by obedience to party action, whatever it might be. In a word, they did not accept **John Cochrane**'s famous dictum, nor agree that a party was greater than a principle.

This shows the true position of a reasonable party man. He will gladly co-operate with those of the same general views and objects that he cherishes. When the party action is wrong, he will oppose it in the interest of the party as the agency that he prefers. But when the issue is distinctly presented of supporting the action of his party to defeat what he holds to be the essential object of the party, he will refuse to support it. Those who in the face of the plainest declarations impose that alternative must bear the responsibility of the consequences. Republican success as a **Blaine** party would be a radical change in the spirit, the character, the methods, and the aims for which Independent Republicans have sustained the party. Republican defeat under Mr. **Blaine** would compel either a party change in the sense desired by revolting Republicans or party disintegration.

There are those who say that they can understand why a man should join the Democrats if he does not approve the Republicans, but that they can not understand how a man who calls himself a Republican can vote for a Democrat. But if the success of the Republican candidate at any election does not promise the progress of what he holds to be Republican objects, and that of the Democrat does promise it, then it is not surprising that the voter should consider principles rather than men, and stay at home or vote accordingly. This was the precise situation in 1882 in New York. The **Cleveland** majority was not technically a Democratic majority, but it revealed a situation of which honest and intelligent Democrats might have taken great advantage.

THE DEMOCRATIC OPPORTUNITY.

The Democratic Convention has a great opportunity. It sees the strong and just Republican protest against the Republican nomination. It knows that such a protest is a source of immense strength to an opposing party, and if it has not the sense and the skill to use the advantage offered to it, it will crown its frequent errors with a colossal blunder. By common consent the old issues are largely settled, and upon the real issues of to-day the younger, fresher, vital element in both parties is largely agreed. Yet there is deep distrust of the Democratic party, and it will not be alleviated except by a nomination which shows the power in the party of the element to which we allude.

The Independent Republicans certainly do not dictate or threaten. Their position is plain and intelligible. Having certain desires in regard to the character and the aims of administration so strong that they have withdrawn from support of their own party nomination, they will not support any other party which does not by its nominations and declarations, each authenticating the other, promise to advance the good ends which they seek. The Independent Republican revolt is not personal or vindictive. It does not spring from disappointed ambition or from any unworthy motive. It is temperate, intelligent, conscientious, and perfectly resolute. It understands the situation and comprehends the means at its disposal.

PHARISEEISM.

During the long preliminary discussion of the Republican nomination, **Harper's Weekly** said only that the nomination of Mr. **Blaine** was inexpedient. But it pointed out why it was inexpedient. The reason was that the nomination would be accepted as the measure of Republican morality in politics, and that it must necessarily produce an immense defection, because it is among those who carry conscience into politics that Republicanism is strong, and it is to them that the Republican candidate represents unclean politics.

The tone of the reply to the protest that has been made is very significant. It is a derision of "Pharisees" and "holier-than-thou men," and an assertion that "the remnant" is no better than other people. It is the echo of the old *Commercial Advertiser* strain, which the new *Commercial*, it must permit us to say, bunglingly imitates, and bunglingly because it is unnatural to the new spirit of that excellent paper. Why should honesty and decency in politics be ridiculed as too heavenly for earth? Is it such a very "ideal" demand that a public man shall be beyond suspicion of improper conduct? If it be "too superfine"—and to call it Phariseeism implies that it is so considered—so much the worse for the country, not for the Pharisees. **Charles Francis Adams**, in his eulogy upon Mr. **Seward**, perceiving that the whole tone of feeling in this respect had changed, said, impressively, and in words worth heeding: "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. **Seward** on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, *and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence.*"

In our present partisan lingo the demand for honesty in public life is Phariseeism, and one of the best signs of the times is that this sect of Pharisees is so large and so increasing.

THE REPEAL OF THE REFORM BILL.

The committee of the House of Representatives to which the bills for the repeal of the civil service reform bill were referred has reported unanimously against the repeal, and the committee warmly and justly praises the work of the Civil Service Commission. The members of the Commission certainly deserve the praise. They have devoted themselves assiduously and efficiently to their duties, and to them, and to the support of the President, the auspicious opening of the practical reform is due.

The unanimity of the committee of the Democratic House, and the steady and vigorous fidelity to reform of the Democratic Governor **Cleveland**, of New York, show that the question is now accepted by both parties as one that can be no longer avoided, and show also the great political progress that has been made in the country. This progress has been achieved while both parties have been cohering mainly by their traditions, and while a new generation to which the old traditions are not inspiring has grown up within them. That new generation in the Republican party has been repelled and revolted by the recent nomination, which is the announcement that other influences than those of reform have overpowered the party. In the Democratic party the same generation is active and hopeful, and accepts sincerely the issue of reform in the civil service as the same body has shown its power, but not its persistence, upon the question of revenue reform.

What the result of the unhappy Republican attempt to compel the party to sustain a nomination which the best feeling of the party rejects can not now be foreseen. In any case, no man need suppose that the spirit which moulded the Republican party, the conscience, the intelligence, and the courage which led the country in the great antislavery contest, if it protests against a fatal Republican action, and refuses adhesion to it, will be lost to the country. The Conscience Whigs were quite as efficient patriots as the Cotton Whigs. Republican friends of the reform which Congress has refused to arrest by stopping the appropriation or by repealing the law are among those who most resolutely refuse to sustain Republican action which gives the lie to the platform upon that point, and which repudiates the whole spirit and purpose of the reform movement.

MR. TILDEN'S LETTER.

Mr. Tilden's formal renunciation, in advance, of the Democratic nomination, is not a surprise. His purpose has not been concealed from his intimate friends, and the incessant assurances of others that he would certainly accept have been due to the eager wish, not to knowledge. The letter withdraws from public life a familiar figure and name, but it is occupied with alluding to the services of the writer, as he understands them, and therefore challenges no criticism, except as to the justice of his own estimate of those services, which is not a subject of public importance.

Mr. Tilden's letter also withdraws from the pending Pesidential controversy the question of personal vindication. There was a Democratic sentiment which held that the campaign should be a protest against the decision of 1876, and an expression of resolution never to "condone" it. This issue lapses with his withdrawal, and it enables the Democratic party to show its controlling spirit.

There are some names suggested as possible Democratic candidates which can be regarded, under existing circumstances, only as preposterous. It is even possible for the Convention to make a ludicrous nomination, and its action will be watched with much more than the usual partisan interest.

THE GENERAL PROTEST.

We have received a great number of letters from Republicans in regard to the Republican nomination and to the position of Harper's Weekly.

The great mass of the letters pay us the compliment of assuming that the Weekly could not and would not advise its readers to support a candidacy which it had declared to be unworthy, and they declare almost universally the intention of awaiting the action of the Democratic Convention.

There are one or two of our friends who ask whether reform can be expected of the Democratic party. The reply is, whether it can be expected of a party that deliberately selects Mr. Blaine as its representative. Would any man familiar with the career of both think of comparing Mr. Blaine as a reformer, in the truest and most practical sense, with Governor Cleveland? As we have often said, the first great State movement for reform—the movement in New York—is very largely due to the courage and sagacity of Governor Cleveland. If Mr. Blaine has shown any interest in reform except a declaration in a speech four years ago that there should be a fixed limited term of office—which, while recognizing the then rising demand for reform, was certainly not a reform suggestion—it is unknown to us. That a Blaine administration should be in any just and large sense a reform administration is an illogical expectation.

AN ENGLISH RAILWAY CASE.

A singular decision was rendered a short time ago by the magistrates of Croydon, England. A Mr. Prideaux Selby was summoned for ringing the electric communicator between the passengers and the guard, and thereby stopping a train in which he was travelling, without sufficient reason. The defendant said he had a very sufficient reason, because he wanted to get out at Croydon, and objected to being taken on to Brighton; and the Bench decided that he was justified in stopping the train, and dismissed the summons. Should this decision be sustained, it would introduce a new element of danger into English railway travel. Instead of being under the control of the conductor, passenger trains would be directed by the whims and caprices of the passengers, time-tables would cease to be reliable, and confusion would take the place of system. It is not likely, however, that passengers will be permitted to take the control out of the conductor's hands.

THE GALLERIES IN THE CONVENTION.

It is reported that the Convention Hall in Chicago is to be enlarged to accommodate two or three thousand more persons. This is a very great mistake, and we shall be surprised if the experience of this year does not prove conclusively that the National Conventions should be held in smaller halls. In the great space of an exhibition building only a few voices can be heard, and the business of the Convention is wholly at the mercy of the crowd in the galleries and around the hall.

In every *viva voce* vote the thousands of spectators can participate, and there was a suggestion of the National Convention of the old French Revolution when, on the last evening of the late Convention, a vote from Wisconsin delegates for that distinguished Union soldier and civilian, General Fairchild, was roundly hissed by the galleries. They broke in also upon the opening speech of a Nebraska delegate; and however untimely, in the impatience of the moment, the speech may have been, it was not for the galleries to intervene. As in 1880, the crowd in the galleries, admitted by ticket, was a crowd selected for the purpose of yelling for the favorite candidate. Upon the platform behind the president the yelling crowd was regularly directed by a leader upon whom it fixed its eyes, and who governed the voices by the movement of his hand, like the conductor of an orchestra or chorus.

It was a perfectly good-natured crowd throughout the session of the Convention, but it is easy to see that it might easily rise to an excitement which would overpower and intimidate a deliberative body. The only service of such a crowd is that of beginning and sustaining the wholly artificial yell with which the name of a favorite candidate is received, and that is a ceremony which may be wisely omitted. It is impossible to admit all the thousands who wish to see the Convention, and therefore there should be no more persons admitted than will constitute an audience not so large as to confuse and delay the work of the Convention. The vast and good-natured crowd is certainly a unique and striking spectacle, but it is very inconvenient, and may readily become dangerous.

PERSONAL.

In the days of the old Volunteer Fire Department there were no Bennett medals for brave firemen. Whether the awarding of such tributes tends to make men braver or not is a question that may be answered in a variety of ways, but it is pleasing to one's sense of equity that some recognition be made of deeds in which men risk their lives for others. Professor Theodore W. Dwight, of the Columbia College Law School, was the orator of presentation this year. If the art of oratory were as highly valued now as it used to be, such an occasion would commend itself to it more forcibly than did most of the occasions that elicited the eloquence of Demosthenes.

—A New York organist has been lamenting in the newspapers the vexations of his profession, especially its lack of social recognition, and the bothersome opinionativeness of lay members of church music committees. His trials, however, are much less severe than those experienced by singers, and his bosses are more considerate than the managers of concerts and operas. May his salary never be less, and his troubles never more serious!

—Some reader in the Mercantile Library reading-room pencilled this petition on the margin of a popular evening paper: "Don't read all the advertisements to-night. Other people would like a glance at this paper." The request is still preserved in the file of that journal which has been stored away behind the counter. It seems reasonable enough.

—Chief Justice Daly declares that the committee on the prize poems on the white elephant had no difficulty in refusing to award the $500 prize. Careful and repeated balloting was unnecessary. They were speedily convinced that not one of the six hundred or more offered was worthy of the reward. American poetry never before received so cruel a blow. It is useless to argue that the subject was too trivial. The soaring genius of a Milton never soared higher than when under the inspiration of a mere reptile.

—Americans were much angered when Dickens and Mrs. Trollope said unkind things about this country, and Dickens, on his second visit, felt compelled to apologize for what he had done. Will Americans think better of Mr. Henry Irving for the numberless and ever-recurring compliments he has tossed to us since his return to England?

—Mr. J. Edward Simmons, the new and able President of the Stock Exchange, caused some smiles to play gently around the brokers' lips when, during his speech accepting the presidency, he adapted Abraham Lincoln's well-known words: "Let us, then, commence the labors that are before us with the firm determination to do the right as God gives us to see the right." It was the first time, they said, that such language had been used on such an occasion, and the novelty struck them pleasantly.

—The imitators of Sullivan and Strauss who have produced "comic opera" for our summer solstice have distinguished themselves pre-eminently this year. A more nearly perfect adaptation of means to ends has not yet been seen than the fitness of their silliness to a silly season. The audiences, as a rule, though not what is known as "select," wonderfully represent the survival of the fittest for this sort of thing. But even Mr. Sullivan himself can not keep up to his own fine standard in light music.

—The medals for painting and sculpture at the Salon will not be awarded this year. No candidate secured a majority of the votes of the jury. Bouguereau came highest, with forty-nine votes.

—I maintain, says Mr. Walter Besant, that fiction is a fine art, governed by general rules like any other art; that these rules can be taught like those of any other art; and that the teaching breaks down just where that of painting, music, or sculpture breaks down—at those points, namely, where natural aptitude is required, and fails to appear. This is the rudimentary condition of the art, just as an eye for color, form, and drawing—in other words, natural aptitude—is required for the painter's art.

—The Rev. Compton Reade begins an essay on Charles Reade as follows: "'I owe the larger half of what I am to my mother, the rest to the accident of my father's grandfather having married the daughter of the village blacksmith.' That was the sincere self-analysis of a soul before all things honest. Brains first, virility next, ancestry in the background. And yet, in spite of this insistence on the paramount lordship of mind and the worth of a perfect body, Charles Reade at heart cherished the knowledge that he was by descent a gentleman."

—Mr. Richard H. Hutton praises Cardinal Newman for having enriched English literature with the most delicate, the most apt, the most musical, and the most lustrous of English styles, and thinks that the greatest of his claims to gratitude is that he has added so much to our knowledge of human nature, and especially to our knowledge of the links which connect human nature with the supernatural life above us.

—Says a writer in London *Truth:* "It was stated positively in the papers a few weeks ago that Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was coming to England. I am in a position to deny the rumor on the very best authority, to wit, the words of the venerable author of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* himself. 'I have always dreaded the sea,' the Doctor writes in a characteristic vein, 'and at my time of life I am not going to give up a passion I have cherished for so many years. I intend to die where I am.'"

—The late Mr. Jeremiah Milbank was one of those merchants whose careers are the true glory of the metropolis, and whose examples belong most to the brightest of her aspiring sons. He was far-seeing, conservative, and enterprising, a conceiver of large schemes, a financier who did not fail, a friend to wise charities. Three years ago, when the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad were making their annual tour of inspection, and had reached Milbank—a town in Dakota named after him—a delegation of citizens met them at the station. Mr. Milbank expressed his regret that a place bearing his name should be without a church, and promised them $20,000 to build one with, asking them to point out from where they stood the most eligible site for such a structure. In twenty minutes he had completed the transaction; and although himself an ardent Baptist, he proposed to have the new church used in turn by the various religious bodies of the town, and given the next year to that denomination which promised the most usefulness. Another of his gifts was $25,000 to the Rochester University. He leaves a widow, a son (Mr. Joseph Milbank), and a daughter (the wife of Mr. A. A. Anderson, the artist). In his will he bequeathed $10,000 to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Bridgman, of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, of which for twenty years he was an honored and beloved member.

—At a recent meeting of the Texas Wool-growers' Association, in Taylor, the address of welcome was delivered by General S. G. Griffin, of New Hampshire, a Union soldier in the late war, now the owner of a handsome farm near Taylor.

—The Brooklyn person in the House of Representatives who has taken upon himself the task of making existence burdensome to the governments of the Old World, and especially to the English government, has been once more rather heavily "sat upon," to use a parliamentary euphemism. Nettled by the consequences of his opposition to the resolution permitting Ensign Reynolds to accept a decoration from the Emperor of Austria for bravery, he offered a resolution thanking many persons for brave acts, and embodying an insult to the House collectively. He insisted that a quarter of an hour should be wasted in reading his resolution, and under the rules the Speaker had to permit it. When all this had been done, a member moved that the resolution be sent to the Committee on Public Health, and amid roars of laughter the motion was carried.

—The will of the late Empress Maria Anna of Austria bequeathed twelve million florins to the King of Naples, and enormous sums to several convents. All her jewels went to the Emperor.

—Two cantatas composed by Beethoven, for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra, have been discovered, after lying neglected and forgotten among the treasures of a Leipsic antiquarian. Dr. Hauslick, the celebrated musical critic of Vienna, pronounces them genuine, after having heard Brahms play them.

—From M. Maupas's account of the *coup d'état* it is very clear that Louis Napoleon's principal motive for perjuring himself, and turning the French Republic into an Empire, was a lack of money. He could have more funds at command as Emperor.

—Mr. Frederick Wedmore, a critic who never hesitates to express himself frankly with reference to Mr. Whistler's idiosyncrasies, says of that artist's recent exhibition of sixty-seven designs in oil, water-color, and pastel, called "an arrangement in flesh-color and gray": "When Mr. Whistler speaks it is because there is something fresh to be said; a new, pretty thing has been seen, or a thing has been seen newly, and clamors to be recorded—perhaps the roll of a wave out at sea, or the look of night on the river, or perhaps it is only the bottles of pear-drops and bull's-eyes and the pile of oranges in the shadowed window of a Chelsea sweet-shop, or the ill-clad grace of some draggled hussy of the slums, or the passage of level afternoon light across a five-o'clock tea table, or a leg crossed audaciously, a flash of movement, a dainty head buried cozily in pillows, a turn of hand, or a revealing gesture. In any case it is fresh or freshly seen, and in almost every case it is set down engagingly." But "of course Mr. Whistler has not to do with what is called imagination; he has to do with the vivacious record of sometimes trivial fact."

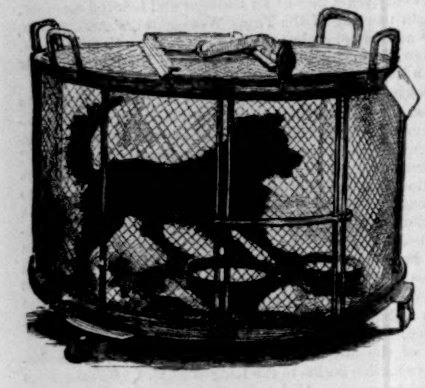
—The latest historian of King Henry VIII. gives us this picture: "He wore a cap of crimson velvet in the French fashion, and the brim was looped up all round with lacets and gold-enamelled tags. His doublet was in the Swiss fashion, striped alternately with white and crimson satin, and his hose were scarlet, and all slashed from the knee upward. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a rough-cut diamond the size of the largest walnut, and to this was suspended a most beautiful and very large round pearl. His mantle was of purple velvet lined with white satin, the sleeves open, with a train more than four Venetian yards long. This mantle was girt in front, like a gown, with a thick gold cord, from which there hung large golden acorns like those suspended from a cardinal's hat; over this mantle was a very handsome gold collar, with a pendent St. George entirely of diamonds. Beneath the mantle he wore a pouch of cloth of gold, which covered a dagger, and his fingers were one mass of jewelled rings."

—Kossuth is still alive, and in a letter dated a few weeks ago he writes from Turin that in the United States the art of rhetoric has been admirably developed. "This is the natural consequence of their institutions, which are founded on self-government. People not only talk, they work also; every one works. The Unitarians are the most educated men in America, and as to morality also they are excellent. But there is a fact concerning them which I am surprised at, and the reasons of which I can not explain—their religion not only has not gained, but, so far as I know, has lost ground of late in the United States. Even some of their leading clergymen (amongst others the famous Osgood) have been converted into the Episcopal Church. It is a very curious phenomenon, especially in America, where the noble and pure memory of William Ellery Channing soars before them." We believe that the explanation given by Unitarianism itself of the difficulty that troubles the mind of Kossuth is that other denominations have gradually been assimilating themselves to it in doctrine.

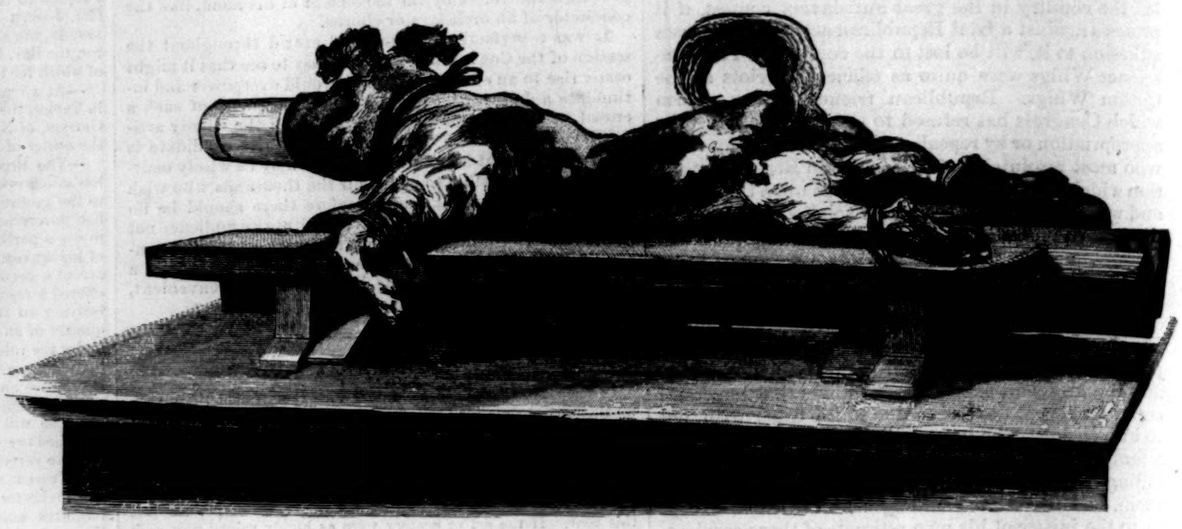
—M. Landrol, a Paris actor, declares that the French public is sickened with the indecencies of the stage, especially with *Pot Bouille* and *Kings in Exile*. People who go to see such plays could not bring their daughters with them.

—In China bachelors and old maids are almost unknown. Parents select husbands for their daughters and wives for their sons, marriage being considered a matter too important to be trusted to the discretion of the calf period of existence. At sixteen it is expected that a man shall be provided with a wife, and at fourteen that a woman shall be provided with a husband. The brides have no dowries, and divorces are rare exceptions. The Chinese woman, notwithstanding the smallness of her feet, can walk fast, and even run.

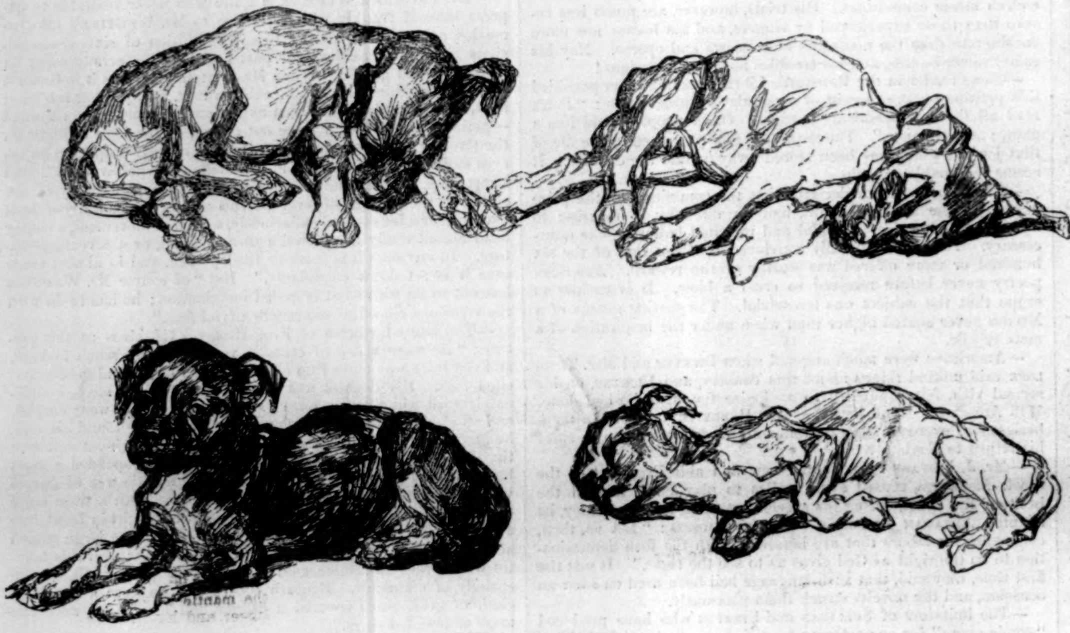
—Mr. Palgrave Simpson, the dramatist, being asked how he constructs his plays, answers: "Eugène Scribe, the cleverest dramatist of the age, who was my instructor in the art of construction, said to me once: 'Cut, cut, cut, as much as you can, and if you have any specially fine passage on which you have set your heart, cut that first. An audience can never miss what it does not know, but it may be awfully wearied by what it finds.' So I cut, cut, cut, to the real improvement of my play. Every playwright, I should say, has a method of his own, and is entirely different in his process from any other. In all my original dramas I have proceeded thus: A subject occurs to me which seems well-fitted for dramatic treatment. The subject resolves itself into a plot, and the plot is matured in my mind until it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. As the next step, I write an elaborate scenario (*charpente détaillée*, the French call it), minutely setting down not only the scenes as they follow, the action of the personages engaged, the sense of all they have to say, but even the 'stage business.' The scenario is considered, reconsidered, altered, and amended until deemed quite 'ship-shape,' and then, and then only, is the dialogue begun to be written. Thus the process of constructing a play may last for months, while the writing may be accomplished in a few days. Some dramatists, I am told, as soon as they have conceived a plot, sit down to write at once, and boldly begin, Act I., Scene I. But for such work I have not the requisite genius."



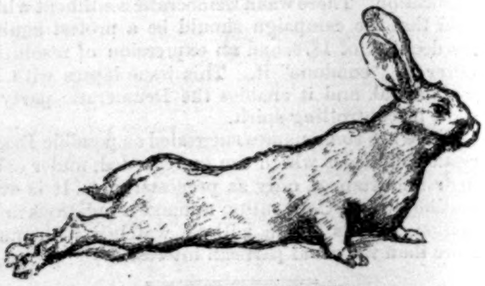
CAGE FOR INOCULATED DOGS.



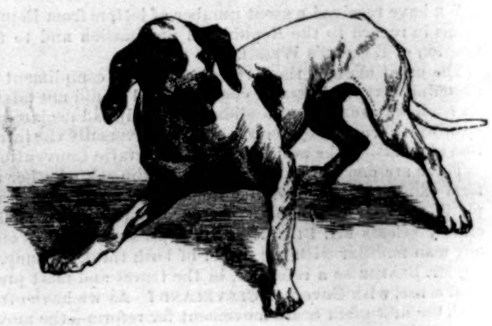
A DOG AWAITING INOCULATION.



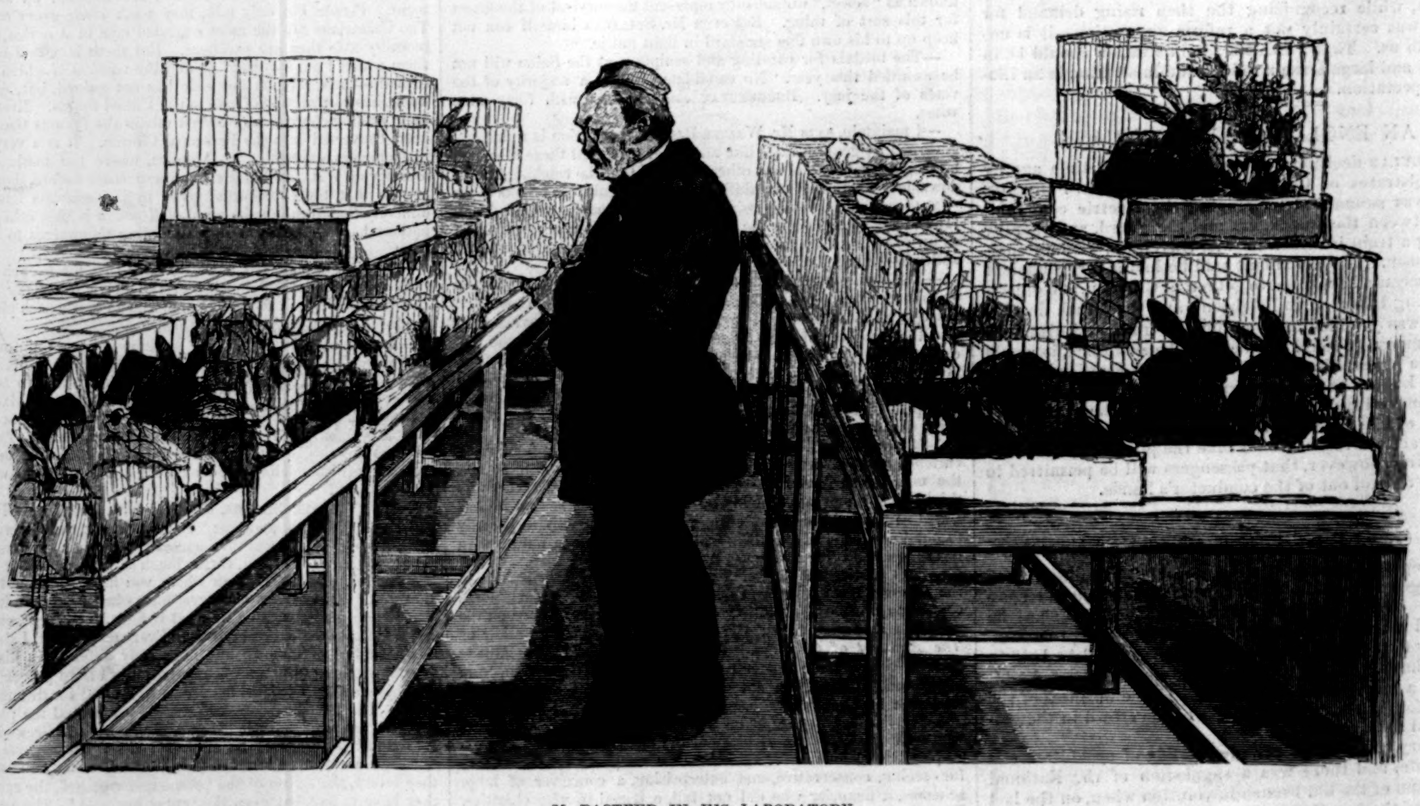
THE LAST STAGES.



A RABBIT INOCULATED.

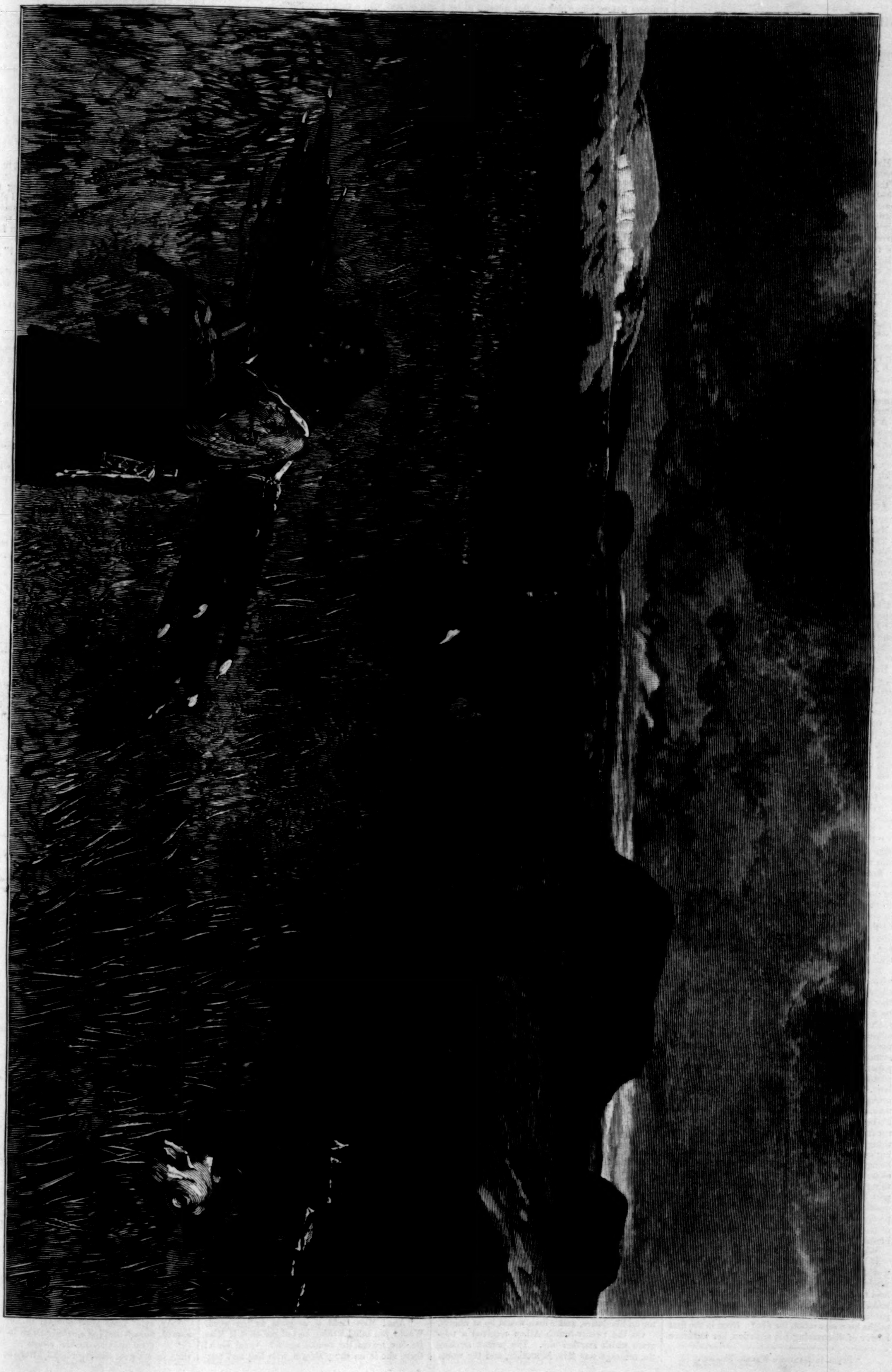


WILL DIE TO-MORROW.



M. PASTEUR IN HIS LABORATORY.

HYDROPHOBIA—M. PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



TOILERS OF THE PLAINS.—Drawn by F. H. Farny.—[See Page 393.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "MY LADY'S MONEY," "THE MOONSTONE," "NO NAME," "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," ETC.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE COTTAGE.

CHAPTER LIV.

MIRABEL SEES HIS WAY.

EMILY recovered her presence of mind. She opened the door so as to make a draught of air in the room, and called for water. Returning to Mirabel, she loosened his cravat. Mrs. Ellmother came in just in time to prevent her from committing a common error in the treatment of fainting persons, by raising Mirabel's head. The current of air and the sprinkling of water over his face soon produced their customary effect. "He'll come round directly," Mrs. Ellmother remarked. "Your aunt was sometimes taken with these swoons, miss, and I know something about them. He looks a poor weak creature in spite of his big beard. Has anything frightened him?"

Emily little knew how correctly that chance guess had hit on the truth!

"Nothing can possibly have frightened him," she replied; "I am afraid he is in bad health. He turned suddenly pale while we were talking, and I thought he was going to be taken ill; he made light of it, and seemed to recover. Unfortunately I was right; it was the threatening of a fainting fit—he dropped on the floor a minute afterward."

A sigh fluttered over Mirabel's lips. His eyes opened, looked at Mrs. Ellmother in vacant terror, and closed again. Emily whispered to her to leave the room. The old woman smiled satirically as she opened the door, then looked back with a sudden change of humor. To see the kind young mistress bending over the feeble little clergyman set her—by some strange association of ideas—thinking of Alban Morris. "Ah," she muttered to herself, on her way out, "I call *him* a Man!"

There was wine in the sideboard—the wine which Emily had once already offered in vain. Mirabel drank it eagerly this time. He looked round the room as if he wished to be sure that they were alone. "Have I fallen to a low place in your estimation?" he asked, smiling faintly. "I am afraid you will think poorly enough of your new ally after this?"

"I only think you should take more care of your health," Emily replied, with sincere interest in his recovery. "Let me leave you to rest on the sofa."

He refused to remain at the cottage; he asked, with a sudden change to fretfulness, if she would let her servant get him a cab. She ventured to doubt whether he was quite strong enough yet to go away by himself. He reiterated, piteously reiterated, his request. A passing cab was stopped directly. Emily accompanied him to the gate. "I know what to do," he said, in a hurried, absent way. "Rest and a little tonic medicine will soon set me right." The clammy coldness of his skin made Emily shudder as they shook hands. "You won't think the worse of me for this?" he asked.

"How can you imagine such a thing!" she answered, warmly.

"Will you see me if I come to-morrow?"

"I shall be anxious to see you." So they parted. Emily returned to the house, pitying him with all her heart.

Reaching the hotel at which he was accustomed to stay when he was in London, Mirabel locked the door of his room. He looked at the houses on the opposite side of the street. His mind was in such a state of morbid distrust that he lowered the blind over the window. In solitude and obscurity the miserable wretch sat down in a corner, and covered his face with his hands, and tried to realize what had happened to him.

Nothing had been said, at the fatal interview with Emily, which could have given him the slightest warning of what was to come. Her father's name—absolutely unknown to him when he fled from the inn—had only been communicated to the public by the newspaper reports of the adjourned inquest. At the time when those reports appeared he was in hiding, under circumstances which prevented him from seeing a newspaper. Some days later he had met with the person who assisted him in escaping from England. That person might have mentioned—probably did mention—the name of the dead man. But Mirabel (with the officers of justice at his heels) was prostrated by such a panic of terror that he was incapable of understanding anything that was said to him. He remembered being laid, half dead, in a berth on board a vessel; being landed at a French port the same day, alone among strangers—and he remembered nothing more. No exercise of discretion on his part could have extricated him from the terrible position in which he was now placed. He stood pledged to Emily to discover the man suspected of the murder of her father; and that man was—himself!

What refuge was left open to him?

If he took to flight, his sudden disappearance would be a suspicious circumstance in itself, and would therefore provoke inquiries which might lead to serious results. Supposing that he overlooked the risk thus presented, would he be capable of enduring a separation from Emily, which might be a separation for life? Even in the first horror of discovering his situation, her influence remained unshaken—the animating spirit of the one manly capacity for resistance which raised him above the reach of his own fears. The only prospect before him which he felt himself to be incapable of contemplating was the prospect of leaving Emily.

Having arrived at this decision, fear urged him to consider the necessity of providing for his own safety.

The first precaution to adopt was to separate Emily from friends whose advice might be hostile to his interests—perhaps even subversive of his security. To effect this design he had need of an ally whom he could trust. That ally was at his disposal, far away in the north.

At the time when Francine's jealousy began to interfere with all freedom of intercourse between Emily and himself, at Monksmoor, he had contemplated making arrangements which might enable them to meet at the house of his invalid sister, Mrs. Delvin. He had spoken of her, and of the bodily affliction which confined her to her room, in terms which had already interested Emily. In the present emergency he decided on returning to the subject, and on hastening the meeting between the two women which he had first suggested at Mr. Wyvil's country-seat.

No time was to be lost in carrying out this intention. He wrote to Mrs. Delvin by that day's post, confiding to her, in the first place, the critical position in which he now found himself. This done, he proceeded as follows:

"To your sound judgment, dearest Agatha, it may appear that I am making myself needlessly uneasy about the future. Two persons only know that I am the man who escaped from the inn at Zeeland. You are one of them, and Miss Jethro is the other. On you I can absolutely rely; and, after my experience of her, I ought not to doubt Miss Jethro. I admit this; but I can not get over my distrust of Emily's friends.

"Besides the doctor (whom I have already mentioned), there are two other men, whom you know through our correspondence, and who feel a strong interest in her—Mr. Wyvil and Mr. Alban Morris. This last, I am rejoiced to say, is no longer in my way as a rival—Emily has discarded him. But he is still formidable, as an enemy who will be glad to ruin me in her estimation, if he can.

"I want you, my dear, to invite Emily to be your guest, and so to separate her from these friends. The old servant who attends on her will be included in the invitation, of course. Mrs. Ellmother is, as I believe, devoted to the interests of Mr. Alban Morris: she will be well out of the way of doing mischief while we have her safe in your northern solitude.

"There is no fear that Emily will refuse your invitation.

"In the first place, she is already interested in you. In the second place, I shall consider the small proprieties of social life, and instead of travelling with her to your house, I shall follow by a later train. In the third place, I am now the chosen adviser in whom she trusts, and what I tell her to do she will do. It pains me, really and truly pains me, to be compelled to deceive her; but the other alternative is to reveal myself as the wretch of whom she is in search. Was there ever such a situation? And oh, Agatha, I am so fond of her! If I fail to persuade her to be my wife, I don't care what becomes of me. I used to think disgrace, and death on the scaffold, the most frightful prospect that a man can contemplate. In my present frame of mind, a life without Emily may just as well end in that way as in any other. When we are together in your old sea-beaten tower, do your best, my dear, to incline the heart of this sweet girl toward me. If she remains in London, how do I know that Mr. Morris may not recover the place he has lost in her good opinion? The bare idea of it turns me cold.

"There is one more point on which I must touch before I can finish my letter.

"When you last wrote you told me that Sir Jervis Redwood was not expected to live much longer, and that the establishment would be broken up after his death. Can you find out for me what will become, under these circumstances, of Mr. and Mrs. Rook? So far as I am concerned, I don't doubt that the alteration in my personal appearance, which has protected me for years past, may be trusted to preserve me from recognition by these two people. But it is of the utmost importance, remembering the project to which Emily has devoted herself, that she should not meet with Mrs. Rook. They have been already in correspondence; and Mrs. Rook has expressed an intention (if the opportunity offers itself) of calling at the cottage. Another reason, and a pressing reason, for removing Emily from London! We can easily keep the Rooks out of *your* house; but I own I should feel more at my ease if I heard that they had left Northumberland."

With that confession, Mrs. Delvin's brother closed his letter.

CHAPTER LV.

ALBAN SEES HIS WAY.

DURING the first days of Mirabel's sojourn at his hotel in London, events were in progress at Netherwoods affecting the interests of the man who was the especial object of his distrust. Not long after Miss Ladd had returned to her school she heard of an artist who was capable of filling the place to be vacated by Alban Morris. It was then the twenty-third of the month. In four days more the new master would be ready to enter on his duties, and Alban would be at liberty.

On the twenty-fourth Alban received a telegram which startled him. The person sending the message was Mrs. Ellmother, and the words were: "Meet me at your railway station to-day, at two o'clock."

He found the old woman in the waiting-room, and he met with a rough reception.

"Minutes are precious, Mr. Morris," she said; "you are two minutes late. The next train to London stops here in half an hour, and I must go back by it."

"Good heavens! what brings you here? Is Emily—"

"Emily is well enough in health, if that's what you mean. As to why I come here, the reason is that it's a deal easier for me—worse luck!—to take this journey than to write a letter. One good turn deserves another. I don't forget how kind you were to me, away there at the school, and I can't and won't see what's going on at the cottage behind your back without letting you know of it. Oh, you needn't be alarmed about *her!* I've made an excuse to get away for a few hours—but I haven't left her by herself. Miss Wyvil has come to London again, and Mr. Mirabel spends the best part of his time with her. Excuse me for a moment, will you? I'm so thirsty after the journey I can hardly speak."

She presented herself at the counter in the waiting-room. "I'll trouble you, young woman, for a glass of ale." She returned to Alban in a better humor. "It's not bad stuff, that! When I have said my say, I'll have a drop more—just to wash the taste of Mr. Mirabel out of my mouth. Wait a bit; I have something to ask you. How much longer are you obliged to stop here, teaching the girls to draw?"

"I leave Netherwoods in three days more," Alban replied.

"That's all right! You may be in time to bring Miss Emily to her senses yet."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—if you don't stop it—she will marry the parson."

"I can't believe it, Mrs. Ellmother! I won't believe it!"

"Ah, it's a comfort to him, poor fellow, to say that! Look here, Mr. Morris, this is how it stands. You're in disgrace with Miss Emily, and he profits by it. I was fool enough to take a liking to Mr. Mirabel when I first opened the door to him; I know better now. He got on the blind side of me, and now he has got on the blind side of *her*. Shall I tell you how? By doing what you would have done if you had had the chance. He's helping her—or pretending to help her, I don't know which—to find the man who murdered poor Mr. Brown. After four years! And when all the police in England—with a reward to encourage them—did their best, and it came to nothing."

"Never mind that!" Alban said, impatiently. "I want to know how Mr. Mirabel is helping her."

"That's more than I can tell you. You don't suppose they take me into their confidence? All I can do is to pick up a word here and there, when fine weather tempts them out into the garden. She tells him to suspect Mrs. Rook, and to make inquiries after Miss Jethro. And he has his plans; and he writes them down, which is dead against his doing anything useful, in my opinion. I don't hold with your scribblers. At the same time I wouldn't count too positively, in your place, on his being likely to fail. That little Mirabel—if it wasn't for his beard I should believe he was a woman, and a sickly woman too; he fainted in our house the other day—that little Mirabel is in earnest. Rather than leave Miss Emily from Saturday to Monday, he has got a parson out of employment to do his Sunday work for him. And, what's more, he has persuaded her—for some reasons of his own—to leave London next week."

"Is she going back to Monksmoor?"

"Not she. Mr. Mirabel has got a sister, a widow lady; she's a cripple, or something of the sort. Her name is Mrs. Delvin. She lives far away in the north country by the sea, and Miss Emily is going to stay with her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure? I've seen the letter."

"Do you mean the letter of invitation?"

"Yes, I do. Miss Emily herself showed it to me. I'm to go with her—'in attendance on my mistress,' as the lady puts it. This I will say for Mrs. Delvin: her handwriting is a credit to the school that taught her; and the poor bedridden creature words her invitation so nicely that I myself couldn't have resisted it—and I'm a hard one, as you know. You don't seem to heed me, Mr. Morris."

"I beg your pardon, I was thinking."

"Thinking of what, if I may make so bold?"

"Of going back to London with you, instead of waiting till the new master comes to take my place."

"Don't do that, sir. You would do harm instead of good if you showed yourself at the cottage now. Besides, it would not be fair to Miss Ladd to leave her before the other man takes your girls off your hands. Trust me to look after your interests; and don't go near Miss Emily—don't even write to her—unless you have got something to say about the murder, which she will be eager to hear. Make some discovery in that direction, Mr. Morris, while the parson is only trying to do it or pretending to do it, and I'll answer for the result. Look at the clock. In ten minutes more the train will be here. My memory isn't as good as it was, but I do think I have told you all I had to tell."

"You are the best of good friends!" Alban said, warmly.

"Never mind about that, sir. If you want to do a friendly thing in return, tell me if you know what has become of Miss De Sor."

"She has returned to Netherwoods."

"Aha! Miss Ladd is as good as her word. Would you mind writing to tell me of it if Miss De Sor leaves the school again? Good Lord! there she is on the platform, with bag and baggage. Don't let her see me, Mr. Morris. If she comes in here I shall set the marks of my ten finger-nails on that false face of hers, as sure as I am a Christian woman."

Alban placed himself at the door so as to hide Mrs. Ellmother. There indeed was Francine, accompanied by one of the teachers at the school. She took a seat on the bench outside the booking office, in a state of sullen indifference—absorbed in herself—noticing nothing. Urged by ungovernable curiosity, Mrs. Ellmother stole on tiptoe to Alban's side to look at her. To a person acquainted with the circumstances there could be no possible doubt of what had happened. Francine had failed to excuse herself, and had been dismissed from Miss Ladd's house.

"I would have travelled to the world's end," Mrs. Ellmother said, "to see *that!*"

She returned to her place in the waiting-room, perfectly satisfied.

The teacher noticed Alban, on leaving the booking office after taking the tickets. "I shall be glad," she said, looking toward Francine, "when I have resigned the charge of that young lady to the person who is to receive her in London."

"Is she to be sent back to her parents?" Alban asked.

"We don't know yet. Miss Ladd will write to San Domingo by the next mail. In the mean time her father's agent in London—the same person who pays her allowance—takes care of her until he hears from the West Indies."

"Does she consent to this?"

"She doesn't seem to care what becomes of her. Miss Ladd has given her every opportunity of explaining and excusing herself, and has produced no impression. You can see the state she is in. Our good mistress—always hopeful even in the worst cases, as you know—thinks she is feeling ashamed of herself, and is too proud and self-willed to own it. My own idea is that some secret disappointment is weighing on her mind. Perhaps I am wrong."

No. Miss Ladd was wrong, and the teacher was right.

The passion of revenge, being essentially selfish in its nature, is of all passions the narrowest in its range of view. In gratifying her jealous hatred of Emily, Francine had correctly foreseen consequences as they might affect the other object of her enmity—Alban Morris. But she had failed to perceive the imminent danger of another result, which in a calmer frame of mind might not have escaped discovery. In triumphing over Emily and Alban, she had been the indirect means of inflicting on herself the bitterest of all disappointments—she had brought Emily and Mirabel together. The first forewarning of this catastrophe had reached her, on hearing that Mirabel would not return to Monksmoor. Her worst fears had been thereafter confirmed by a letter from Cecilia, which had followed her to Netherwoods. From that moment she, who had made others wretched, paid the penalty in suffering as keen as any that she had inflicted. Completely prostrated, powerless, through ignorance of his address in London, to make a last appeal to Mirabel, she was literally, as had just been said, careless what became of her. When the train approached, she sprang to her feet, advanced to the edge of the platform, and suddenly drew back, shuddering. The teacher looked in terror at Alban. Had the desperate girl meditated throwing herself under the wheels of the engine? The thought had been in both their minds, but neither of them acknowledged it. Francine stepped quietly into the carriage, when the train drew up, and laid her head back in a corner, and closed her eyes. Mrs. Ellmother took her place in another compartment, and beckoned to Alban to speak to her at the window.

"Where can I see you, when you go to London?" she asked.

"At Dr. Allday's house."

"On what day?"

"On Tuesday next."

CHAPTER LVI.

APPROACHING THE END.

ALBAN reached London early enough in the afternoon to find the doctor at his luncheon. "Too late to see Mrs. Ellmother," he announced. "Sit down and have something to eat."

"Has she left any message for me?"

"A message, my good friend, that you won't like to hear. She is off with her mistress this morning on a visit to Mr. Mirabel's sister."

"Does he go with them?"

"No; he follows by a later train."

"Has Mrs. Ellmother mentioned the address?"

"There it is, in her own handwriting."

Alban read the address: "Mrs. Delvin, The Clink, Belford, Northumberland."

"Turn to the back of that bit of paper," the doctor said. "Mrs. Ellmother has written something on it."

She had written these words: "No discoveries made by Mr. Mirabel up to this time. Sir Jervis Redwood is dead. The Rooks are believed to be in Scotland; and Miss Emily, if need be, is to help the parson to find them. No news of Miss Jethro."

"Now you have got your information," Dr. Allday resumed, "let me have a look at you. You're not in a rage: that's a good sign to begin with."

"I am not the less determined," Alban answered.

"To bring Emily to her senses?" the doctor asked.

"To do what Mirabel has *not* done—and then to let her choose between us."

"Ay, ay. Your good opinion of her hasn't altered, though she has treated you so badly?"

"My good opinion makes allowance for the state of my poor darling's mind, after the shock that has fallen on her," Alban answered, quietly. "She is not *my* Emily now. She will be *my* Emily yet. I told her I was convinced of it, in the old days at school, and my conviction is as strong as ever. Have you seen her since I have been away at Netherwoods?"

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1409.

"Yes; and she is as angry with me as she is with you."

"For the same reason?"

"No, no. I heard enough to warn me to hold my tongue. I refused to help her—that's all. You are a man, and you may run risks which no young girl ought to encounter. Do you remember when I asked you to drop all further inquiries into the murder for Emily's sake? The circumstances have altered since that time. Can I be of any use?"

"Of the greatest use, if you can give me Miss Jethro's address."

"Oh! You mean to begin in that way, do you?"

"Yes. You know that Miss Jethro visited me at Netherwoods?"

"Go on."

"She showed me your answer to a letter which she had written to you. Have you got that letter?"

The doctor produced it. The address was, "Post-office, Swanage, Dorsetshire." Alban copied it in his pocket-book. Looking up, when he had done, he saw Dr. Allday's eyes fixed on him with an oddly mingled expression—partly of sympathy, partly of hesitation.

"Have you anything to suggest?" he asked.

"You will get nothing out of Miss Jethro," the doctor answered, "unless—" There he stopped.

"Unless what?"

"Unless you can frighten her."

"How am I to do that?"

After a little reflection Dr. Allday returned, without any apparent reason, to the subject of his last visit to Emily.

"There was one thing she said, in the course of our talk," he continued, "which struck me as being sensible, possibly (for we are all more or less conceited) because I agreed with her myself. She suspects Miss Jethro of knowing more about that damnable murder than Miss Jethro is willing to acknowledge. If you want to produce the right effect on her—" He looked hard at Alban, and checked himself once more.

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Tell her you have an idea of who the murderer is."

"But I have no idea."

"But *I* have."

"Good God! what do you mean?"

"Don't mistake me. An impression has been produced on my mind—that's all. Call it a freak of fancy, worth trying, perhaps, as a bold experiment, and worth nothing more. Come a little nearer. My housekeeper is an excellent woman, but I have once or twice caught her rather too near to that door. I think I'll whisper it."

He did whisper it. In breathless wonder Alban heard of the doubt which had crossed Dr. Allday's mind on the evening when Mirabel had called at his house.

"You look as if you didn't believe it," the doctor remarked.

"I'm thinking of Emily. For her sake, I hope and trust you are wrong. Ought I to go to her at once? I don't know what to do!"

"Find out first, my good fellow, whether I am right or wrong. You can do it if you will run the risk with Miss Jethro."

Alban recovered himself. His old friend's advice was clearly the right advice to follow. He examined his railway guide, and then looked at his watch. "If I can find Miss Jethro," he answered, "I'll risk it before the day is out."

The doctor accompanied him to the door. "You will write to me, won't you?"

"Without fail. Thank you, and good-by."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HYDROPHOBIA—M. PASTEUR'S EXPERIMENTS.

ABOUT the middle of December, 1880, Dr. LANNELONGUE, of Paris, hearing that M. PASTEUR had resolved to institute researches into the nature of hydrophobia, called the attention of this distinguished *savant* to the case of a little child, five years old, who had been bitten by a mad dog a few weeks before, and who had been removed to a hospital for treatment. When offered any liquid whatever, the child would fall into frightful convulsions. It died two days after admission to the hospital, strangled by the frothy matter which accumulated in its throat.

Several hours after the death of the child two rabbits were inoculated with some of this frothy matter, and died from the effects of it two days afterward. Such was the beginning of M. PASTEUR's researches and experiments upon hydrophobia, which he has conducted during the last four years, and by which, he believes, he has been led to the discovery of a means of protecting dogs from rabies, and, as a necessary sequel, of protecting the human race from a frightful malady which in every country where rabies exists demands hundreds of victims every year.

On page 392 we give a series of illustrations showing M. PASTEUR in his laboratory, where these experiments are conducted, and the effect which inoculation produces on the dog and other animals. The experiments, cruel as they may appear at first sight, are made in the interest of humanity, and M. PASTEUR is careful not to inflict needless suffering on the dumb creatures which he subjects to the operation. After many experiments, which may be passed over in silence, he hit upon the expedient of inoculating the brain of a dog with the virus of rabies. The animal selected is fastened to a frame as shown in our illustration, and rendered insensible by means of chloroform. The process of removing a small portion of the skull, and introducing the virus into the brain, is performed without pain to the victim. By this method of inoculation the operation of the virus is hastened. Instead of in two or three weeks, the effects appear within a few days. M. PASTEUR not only gained time by this process, but was rewarded by the discovery that rabies is a malady of the brain.

It is interesting, in a certain sense, to accompany M. PASTEUR through the rooms where these experiments are carried on; but it requires a good deal of nerve to watch the animals as the stage of rabies approaches. They are confined in cages with strong iron bars, for the security of those who are in charge, and who have the task of feeding the animals. A sliding-door is drawn up just enough to admit a dish containing the food, which is pushed along the floor of the cage by means of a stick. The artist and M. PASTEUR stopped before a cage in which a dog had sprung up in fury at being thus disturbed by a keeper. "He will die to-morrow," was the calm remark of the *savant* as he passed on to observe other victims.

In the course of his experiments M. PASTEUR made the important discovery to which we have alluded. Starting from the idea that the virus of an infectious disease on its passage through different species of animals is subject to alteration of its virulence, M. PASTEUR inoculated monkeys with the virus taken from a dog affected with rabies, and found that the poison, after having passed in succession through three monkeys, becomes so attenuated that its inoculation into a dog is harmless, while a dog so inoculated is rendered proof against the original disease. But, on the other hand, the virus of rabies on its passage through the rabbit and guinea-pig increases in virulence, its intensity becoming even greater than that of the virus taken from a dog rabid in the usual way. The maximum increase in intensity is not, however, attained until several transmissions through the rabbit or guinea-pig.

The French government has appointed a commission of scientific men of indisputable authority to assist and check these interesting experiments, the names of VILLEMIN, VULPIAN, BERT, and BOULEY lending no small weight to the prospective results of the inquiry. The test experiments proposed by M. PASTEUR consist (1) in causing twenty unprotected dogs and twenty "vaccinated" dogs (presumably protected thereby from the poison) to be bitten by dogs in a rabid state; and (2) in artificially inoculating with the virus of rabies two other sets of twenty dogs, respectively vaccinated and unvaccinated. "The twenty vaccinated dogs," says M. PASTEUR, "will resist the poison, and the other twenty will all die of madness." The result of these trials can hardly fail to be largely decisive of the question one way or the other, and will be an unequivocal illustration of the value of experimental pathology.

OUR NATIONAL LIBRARY.

THE Congressional Library at Washington has grown by constant additions until it is now one of the chief libraries of the world. It numbers more than 500,000 volumes. Its pamphlets are over 170,000. It possesses a fine collection of engravings illustrative of history and art, early and valuable manuscripts, a great collection of music, early and rare editions of authors, and a varied store of treasures invaluable to the artist and the student. In American history it is unrivalled. Here it must ever be the chief resource of those who delight in tracing the story of the New World and its freedom, who would study the rise of the new States and cities of the West, or the long series of progressive movements that gave to the Atlantic shore a government untrammelled by European control.

Yet, strangely enough, this great library is almost inaccessible to the student and the reader. It has long outgrown the rooms provided for it in the Capitol. Its valuable books, manuscripts, and pictures are heaped up in confused masses, piled upon shelves, crowded in cells and closets, where the most practiced librarian would be unable to find the book required. It is a strange sight to wander amidst these neglected treasures. They lie half buried in the vaults of the Capitol, mouldering away, useless to the present age, and apparently lost to the future. Yet they are constantly and steadily increasing. Every year the copyright law adds a great number of new publications; and exchanges, gifts, and legacies enlarge the literary store. It will not be long before the library numbers a million volumes. The National Library of Paris has about two millions; the British Museum, a million and a half. The American library within twenty years will not be far behind its European rivals. It may be made at last to surpass them in the generous labor of diffusing knowledge.

For several years a project has been before Congress for providing a proper building for its library. The bill has recently passed the Senate, and is now before the House. It proposes to erect on Capitol Hill a national library. The building is to be plain, simple, yet provided with all the latest conveniencies for study, writing, and research. It would be a graceful act on the part of the Democratic House to join the Republican Senate in conferring this important intellectual gift on the country and the world; it is a subject that rises above party, tends to soften political violence, and make the nation one. Our institutions are founded upon the general diffusion of knowledge—a mental equality for which Jefferson labored and Lincoln died. Without knowledge, freedom must perish, and all its splendid realities and anticipations fade like a baseless vision.

The advantages of a national library are various and of lasting importance. To the mechanic or the farmer it offers the latest results in his own pursuit; to the inventor and the civil engineer, every new fact. It is the only resource of the historian, the mental home of the general reader. The finest sight in London, next to its public schools, is the reading-room of the British Museum, filled with industrious workers in every branch of letters and science, and supplied liberally with almost all that the intellect has produced. When we have as complete libraries as those of Europe, we shall no longer look to England or Germany or France for our literature; it will spring up among us on the declivities of the Rocky Mountains, and along the Atlantic shore. As yet we have no large public library. The library of Congress is the only one that approaches in size the European collections. It is the germ from which the American library of the future must spring. It is proposed to provide in the new building for a collection of more than three million volumes.

In the fairest quarter of our beautiful capital, high up on the hill that was chosen as the seat of the national legislature, will arise, should the present Congress consent, the finest library of the New World. Washington is a city of parks and gardens, flowers and fountains, already one of the most attractive cities in the month of May, as fair and bright as the Bagdad or Damascus of the Arabian tale. The new library will be surrounded by trees and flowers. The building suggested will be large, convenient, and substantial. In the centre will open a reading-room one hundred feet in diameter, provided with all the best means of heating and ventilation; around it are ranged the shelves and alcoves for the storing of its millions of books. It will be the library of the future. Here generations of scholars will come to use its literary treasures, no longer scattered and lost in the vaults of the Capitol; and American literature must receive a new impulse, and American thought be enlarged and strengthened. It seems time that we should no longer depend upon Europe for our books or our ideas. We have lived too long in a mental vassalage. An American library will help to set us free.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

TOILERS OF THE PLAINS.

THE noble red man never debases himself, when in a wild and independent state, to the performance of any drudgery. War and the chase absorb all his energies, and all the field-work, whatever there is of it to be done, is relegated to the squaws. In Mr. FARNY's picture on page 401 we are shown several of these poor creatures, who have been searching the almost treeless plains for fire-wood with which to cook food for their lazy masters.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHEREVER the iron horse goes, there does the tramp go also. He goes not in the company's *buffet* cars, but step by step from one tie to another. He is not in a hurry, and does not desire to take long strides, so he finds this mode of progression to his taste. Starting from the Rio Grande, he has already walked on the ties into the city of Mexico. The men from the States know him; but when he accosts them with, "Say, boss, will ye give a poor unfort'nate feller—" they shake their heads solemnly, and mutter, "*No intiendo*," and the tramp is puzzled.

An English gentleman living near the Thames has imported from Venice a gondola and a gondolier, both genuine. It is said that the smells at low water prevent the skilled Venetian paddler from being homesick.

As it now stands, General Butler has a majority of the Presidential nominations actually made. There are indications, however, that in the end he will come out with a mere plurality of nominations, which doesn't elect in this country.

Among the first things to impress the distinguished stranger from abroad when he lands in New York are the policemen. Variegated with blue and brass, they are conspicuous figures on the edge of the new country. When the Siamese Embassy arrived, not long ago, the wondering Orientals were puzzled to decide which individual in the array of policemen that welcomed them was the ruler of the land. The other day, when the ex-President of Venezuela arrived, two policemen were punching the miserable populace around with so much disdain that the distinguished visitor lifted his Panama hat to them and extended his hand, mistaking them for a brace of mayors, or something of the sort.

A playful person of the name of Tommie Pursley, a resident of Georgia, pointed a pistol at his companion. Tommie did not follow his friend to the grave, on the third day thereafter, drooling and sighing and declaring that he did not know it was loaded. His failure to do this was a result of the merest accident. Tommie's friend happened to grasp the barrel of the weapon, and when it was discharged the muzzle was pointed toward Tommie's abdomen.

Seven million dollars is the sum Representative Ochiltree desires the government to set aside for the improvement of Galveston Harbor, and a quarter of a million is the amount Congress seems willing to appropriate. In view of this disparity, Mr. Ochiltree observed in the House the other day that Texas had been treated to a tropical fertility of promise and a Sahara-like sterility of performance.

While yet his honey-moon is young, Oscar Wilde declares that as Lord Beaconsfield taught the peers of England a new style of oratory, so he will "set an example of the pervading influence of art in matrimony." He will know more about the relations of art to matrimony after Mrs. Wilde shall have acquired dexterity in bartering his Sunday knickerbockers for storks in plaster of Paris bass-relief brought around by rag-men.

A writer in England says that the number of country houses where lawn tennis is played on Sunday afternoons is large, and is growing larger. He tells of a house that could not be let last season because the owner wished to make it a condition of the lease that the tennis courts should not be used on Sundays. Even billiards are played on Sundays, he says, and almost everything except card games. But notwithstanding this relaxation of the rules of Sunday observance, it would be regarded as something unpardonable not to appear in a black coat on Sunday morning.

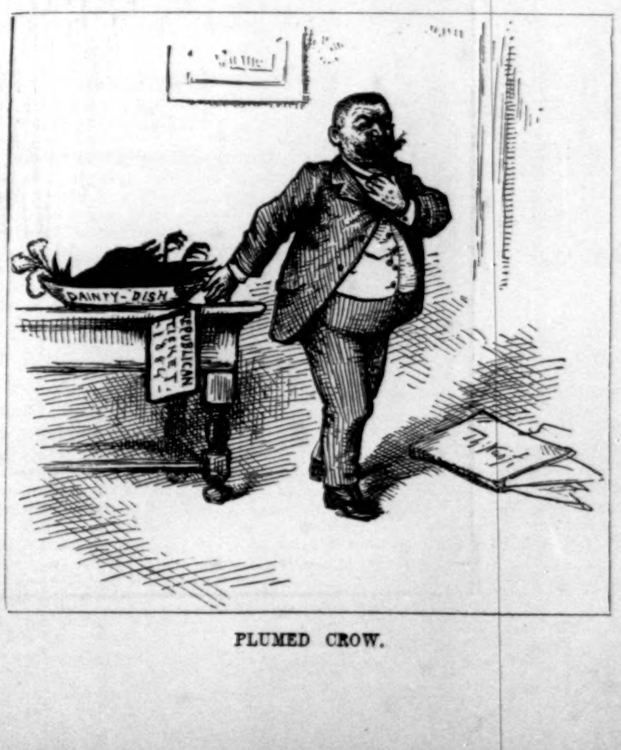
Coaching parties from which the tyrant man is excluded promise to become mildly popular among the ladies. The first of the season was given in retaliation for a party which was enjoyed by none but men, and it was tedious in so inconsiderable a degree that others of the same sort were talked of. Of course the ladies do not hold the reins and wind the horn, but maybe they will do the former in the course of a few seasons, when the present "horsy" tendency in fashionable life shall have borne fruits.

The financial failure of an alderman of London is announced. In this city insolvent members are kept out of the board by electing none whose bar-rooms are not well established.

The south shore of Long Island has produced the most ingenious fisherman of the age. He has devised a contrivance which enables him to stand on the beach and hook cod-fish far out beyond the breakers. To a big kite he attaches his fish-line and several baited hooks, and lets it sail out over the water. A sixteen-pound cod-fish was his first catch.

Keepers of summer boarding-houses here in the New World are more generally enterprising as advertisers than those who follow the same calling in Europe, though Europeans have reached the highest degrees of individual eminence. Thus a landlady of England announces in the Islington *Gazette* that she has accommodations in her farm-house at Hughenden for summer boarders, in "a healthy, pleasant spot near Lord Beaconsfield's tomb."

An excursion on a more extended scale even than that in honor of the Northern Pacific Railroad's opening has been planned by the Society of Commercial Exploration in Africa. It is to embrace the circumnavigation of the African continent. The excursionists will start about September 1 from Genoa, and will go to Algiers, Tangier, the Congo country, the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, Madagascar, Zanzibar, Aden, Suez, Alexandria, Tunis, and back to Genoa, arriving about Christmas-time. The steam-ship will traverse a distance of about fifteen thousand miles, making a stay of from one to eight days at the various ports. It is believed that substantial advantages will result from the opportunities of the tourists to become acquainted with the commercial needs of the regions visited.



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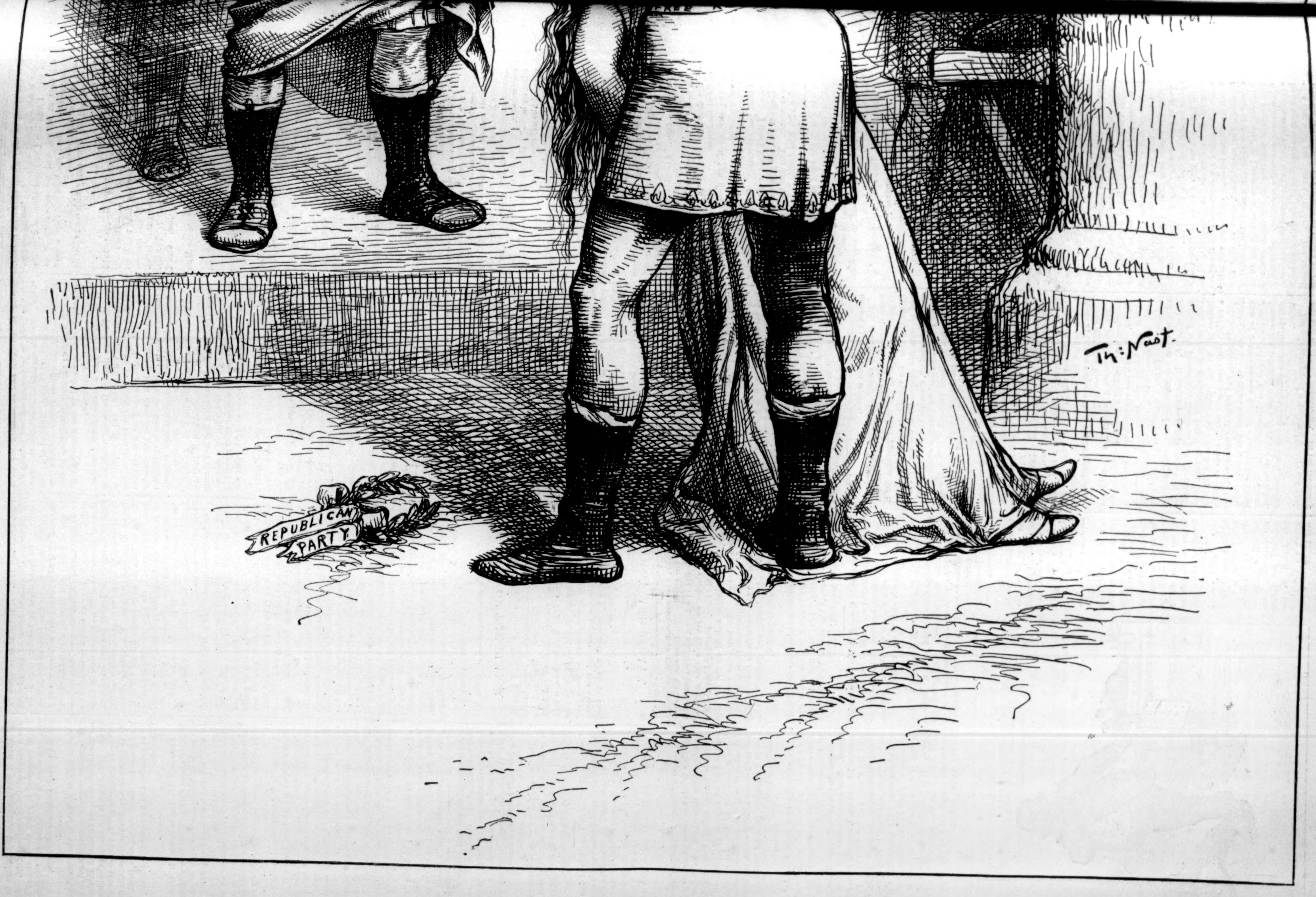
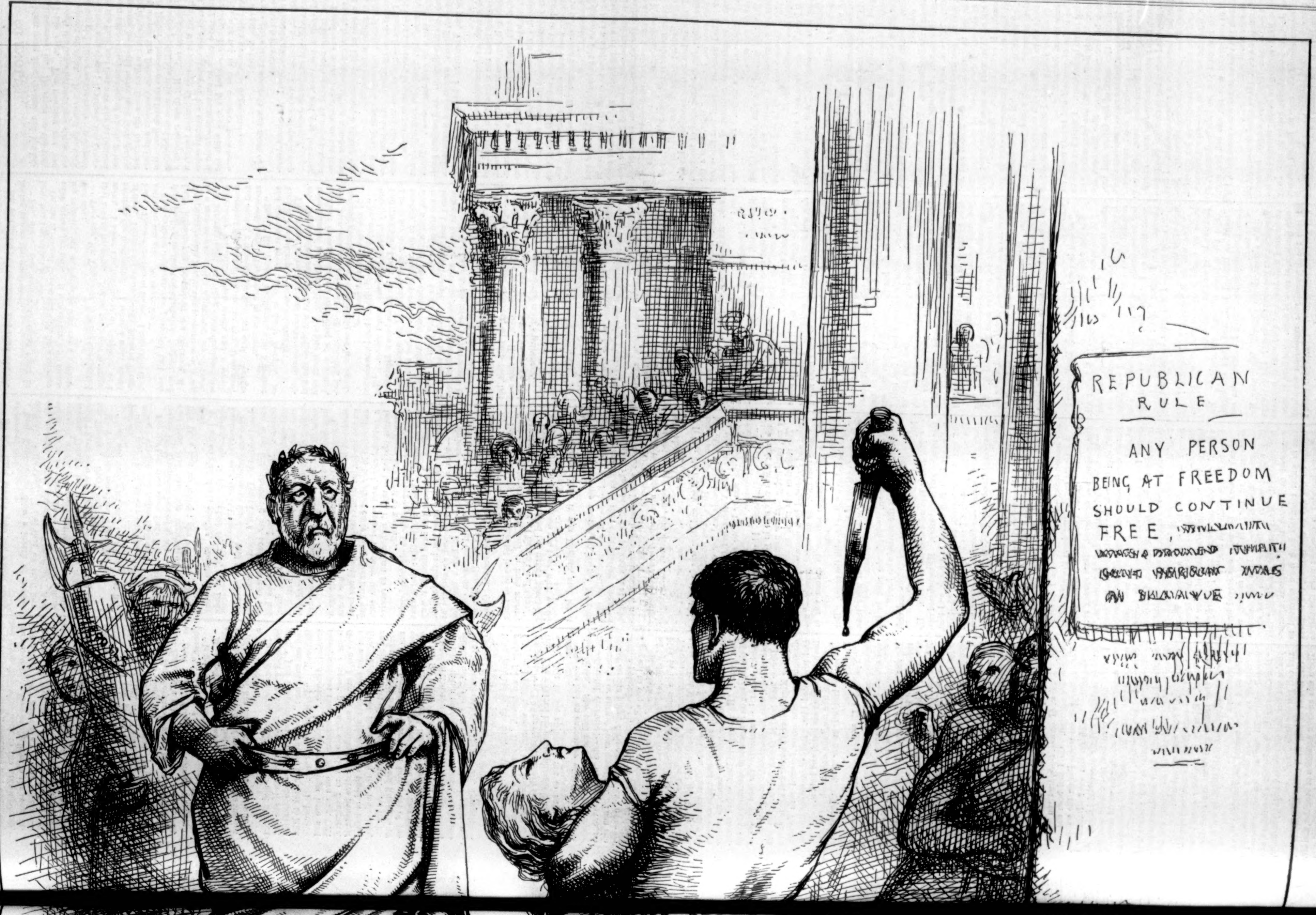

REPUBLICAN PARTY
Th: Nast.

DEATH BEFORE DISHONOR.

VIRGINIUS. "On thee and on thy head be this blood!"


REPUBLICAN
RULE
ANY PERSON
BEING AT FREEDOM
SHOULD CONTINUE
FREE,

SO ENGLISH.

THE breakfast-room door opened, and Mr. Edward Tympkins came in. He stood on the rug, and blinked his eyes. The morning sun was pouring through the bay-window, every shade being pulled up out of sight. It warmed the dark hair of a pretty girl sitting at the table; it danced about the silver and china; it struck Mr. Tympkins full in the face, and that was why he blinked his eyes—an unbeautiful motion, of which, unless taken unawares, he could never have been guilty.

Mr. Tympkins had walked from his bachelor apartment, across the Boston Common and Gardens, to his father's house on the Back Bay. His fair cheeks were pallid, his thin nose and his eyelids were somewhat red. But these traces of a struggle against that scourge of human vanity, a raw wind, were also tokens of his natural superiority; they gave color to an unimpeachable if chilly gentility. He shaded his eyes with the hand which was not in his trousers pocket—a refined hand with wonderful finger-nails.

"How d'ye do, Neddie?"

The pretty girl's light staccato was more of a challenge than a greeting.

"Such a beastly glare, Dora! An odious American breakfast, as usual. I wish you would stop calling me Neddie; it suggests a donkey."

He had crossed the room, and was lowering the shades, taking much pains to adjust them evenly. There was some irritation in his low-pitched voice, but, considering the number and frightful nature of his grievances, it chiefly suggested a magnificent self-control.

"I wish, Neddie, you would spare your comments on our domestic affairs. As to your comparison, I never thought of you and that sweet-tempered beast together, but since you—"

"Stop, Dora," Mr. Tympkins interrupted, not impetuously, but with cold disapproval. "That's not clever; it's only flippant. As American products, however, flippant women have a reputation. How are you, Vernon? I hadn't seen you before."

"Jack's such an inconspicuous object," said Dora, diverted from the attack upon herself, but pigeon-holing it for retaliation when convenient. She looked with frank adoration at a man standing with his back to the fire holding a coffee-cup to his mouth. He was the sort of man who, beside Mr. Tympkins, looked brutally strong. He put his cup in the saucer, returned Dora's glance with interest, and said, with the air of one absorbed in pleasanter things: "How are you, Ned? A sharp morning."

Mr. Tympkins felt suddenly that his sister and her lover had managed to envelop themselves in an atmosphere of perfection which was at once ridiculous and indelicate. The only possible protest against the situation was an interruption. Taking a letter from his inner breast pocket, he opened it, questioning:

"I suppose mother is not down yet?"

"Correct, Neddie; neither is she up."

Mr. Tympkins had no time to object to his sister's phraseology, for, catching sight of the open letter, she went on, hastily: "Why, what's the matter? I had flattered myself that this early visit was a spontaneous outburst of affection. But, no! You're all in a flutter. Plainly, Neddie, what do you want?"

Mr. Tympkins stroked his slim side-whiskers, and nervously replied: "I wanted to tell you, Dora, that I have a letter from Lady Euphrosyne Temple. You remember her?"

"No, I don't," she exclaimed, angrily. Then dropping into melancholy, "Are you going so soon, Jack?"

Vernon was moving toward the door. His temper was hot. Since Mr. Tympkins blinked his eyes on the threshold it had been rising steadily. He now felt the embarrassment of a man convicted of foolish irritability, and wanted to get away. When he had gone, Dora turned to Mr. Tympkins with a look of uncompromising hostility. Not in the least discomposed, he took up his subject:

"About Lady Euphrosyne. You don't remember her. No matter. Perhaps you will later, if you try. She's in New York, alone—with her maid, that is. She has asked me to engage rooms for her, and to meet her at the Boston and Albany at eleven. I thought—"

"I know. You want us to ask her here; but we won't. I haven't time. Besides—" She paused long enough to become vehemently curious. "What in the world is she doing in America, anyway? What would you say if I were to fly off to England with *twenty* maids, and write to *all* the young men I had ever heard of to engage rooms for me?"

"The image of yourself and twenty maids on the wing is too tremendous. I must beg time to consider. Lady Euphrosyne has been ordered to America by her physicians. She has been depressed since the death of her father and brother. They were killed in a railway accident about a year ago, as you probably don't remember. They were very kind to me over there. She was seventeen then; about twenty-two now. I hardly saw her, but I recall her perfectly. She promised to be a beauty on a generous scale. I feel very deeply her genuine English sincerity. Nothing could be more touching than her graceful way of throwing herself on my—on my chivalry. In short, I wanted you to behave decently, to drive to the station with me, and ask her here. But since you choose to act like a cross child, I'll see mother about it."

He touched a bell. Dora stood thrumming on the window-pane. She was deeply incensed against Mr. Tympkins for having annoyed her beloved Jack, and was vowing not to go near Lady Euphrosyne should she stay in Boston forever. At this crisis a maid came in.

"Miss Dora, if you please, it's Lady—Lady—I couldn't catch it."

"What! Where is she, Bella? Is she alone?" Mr. Tympkins had vanished, and Dora was following him as she questioned.

"Yes, miss. She wanted to come right in here, but I wouldn't let her."

On the threshold Dora stood still, for a strange voice struck her ears. It was saying, with amazing rapidity, but so distinctly that not a syllable was lost:

"They say, Mr. Tympkins, it is the unexpected that always happens. Not so, unless by arrangement. I adore the fulfillment of prophecy, so I arrange the unexpected. I came a train ahead of time. I found the address—Mr. Edward Tympkins. There were two of them. I tried this first, and here you are. So charming!"

The curtains between the principal hall and that leading to the breakfast-room parted, and Lady Euphrosyne loomed in the distance, Mr. Tympkins beside her, in the proportion of a tug to a man-of-war. "On a generous scale" truly, and her very light travelling dress displayed the generosity lavishly. That much, and a small, shapeless felt hat tilted to the eyes, Dora saw, and seeing, a tranquil joy filled her soul. Vengeance was hers. They were in the room.

"Dora," Mr. Tympkins began, with a tremor and downcast eyes, "this is Lady Temple. So kind in her to drop in on us informally!"

The women's eyes met, and measured each other. Dora smiled sweetly, but not before she had been blinded by the flashing of white teeth and brilliant brown eyes, the dimpling of a round, rosy face, and an expression of illimitable, patronizing good-humor. Dora held out her hand.

"I am very glad that Lady—"

"No, no; I protest." Dora's hand was clasped heartily between two loose, rough gloves. "Not Lady, my dear, I beg. In Japan I am a Japanese; I have my hair skewered, and I sit up against a tea-box, in the most impossible clothes and position, with a fan and chopsticks. Adaptability is the aim of my life. In America I am an American; I am Miss Temple. Unless it would be more in keeping with the true genius of the people to call me Lady Euphro*sine*. That would be too blissful. No, you will call it Euphro*sine*?"

Mr. Tympkins had retreated to the hearth. Dora knew that he was standing alternately on the right foot, on the left foot, on both feet, but finding no comfort in experiment. Her face was now as good-tempered as Lady Euphrosyne's, and her audacity matched the other's patronage.

"We call it Euphrosyne, when we call it at all. I will call it anything that you like, but you must let me add, 'the British pronunciation, by request.'"

Lady Euphrosyne dropped her hand, and sank into the easy-chair which Mr. Tympkins had placed for her. In response to her laugh, the glass on the table tinkled, and the window-panes shivered musically.

"Now that's American humor, dear, adorable, inscrutable American humor. What luck to have met it on the very outside edge of this weird nation!"

Dora gave some orders to a servant. Mr. Tympkins murmured decorous nothings about the ocean voyage and the weather. Lady Euphrosyne paid no heed. She was staring at Dora's graceful back. As Dora took a chair facing her, she burst out:

"An American girl. Beautiful; there I am not disappointed. But not national, not exactly aboriginal; that I regret."

"I'm sorry," said Dora. "Aboriginal beauty confines itself to the woods."

"To be sure. We will seek it out there some day, and find it robed in wampum. I don't quite understand that peculiar fabric, but I dare say I shall when I see it. You are distinctly Greek. In a chiton and sandals you might be Aspasia. Now I have sat on a rocky brow, in a chiton and sandals, and looked o'er sea-born Salamis; but I assure you it was a failure. My physique would not adapt itself. I fear there's nothing of the Athenian in me but the craving to hear and see new things. Sometimes, you know, I feel that I am altogether English, typical. But you are so classic, so reposeful, and so profound—of course, being a Bostonian, so profound. Some day we will have little cozy chats about the scientific and philosophical swells, and the Confucian system, whatever in the world that is. But now, if you don't mind, I'm very hungry."

She turned to the breakfast, which had just been brought in, and at once attacked it. Mr. Tympkins was disturbed, doubtful, and, above all, dismayed. He could not determine any plan of action. He must have time for meditation, he almost added prayer. She was so much the person who had come to stay that apparently Dora thought an invitation superfluous. He too assumed it.

"Where is your luggage, Lady Euphrosyne?"

She threw up her hands.

"Grimshawe and the luggage! I forgot all about them. I left her at the station, and said I would go back for her. She is doubtless surrounded by an inquisitive mob, but I cautioned her to be dumb, and to hold the checks. The great thing, as I understand it, is to hold the checks. Am I right? Am I wrong?"

"Partly both. I will drive round there and look after them."

"You will do it yourself? Delightful! At home we would have sent one of our people. But this is republican simplicity."

She bit a piece of toast meditatively. Mr. Tympkins blushed pink, and Dora snickered. Lady Euphrosyne had nibbled another idea out of the toast.

"It's almost eleven o'clock. Why, pray, Mr. Tympkins, are you not at business? I have always understood that American men went to business with the lark, at crow of cock. But here, at once, I face the irreconcilable republican simplicity and American prodigality. There's your papa, I dare say he's at business."

She smiled interrogatively at Dora, who nodded.

"He is. Papa always goes off, whizz, bang, at crow of cock."

Lady Euphrosyne drew a breath of perfect content. "My ideal. I feel that we shall love one another. Run along, Mr. Tympkins. And since you're so good about doing little things yourself, would you mind getting a box at the Boston Theatre for to-night? I can not sleep until I have seen that temple of culture, the Boston Theatre. Don't forget it."

Mr. Tympkins mumbled a promise.

"You will dine with us," said Dora, "at half past six?"

"Oh yes. Is there any one else?"

"Mr. Vernon and Nellie Halliwell."

For the first time since Lady Euphrosyne's entrance Mr. Tympkins looked at his sister, and by that look laid bare the anguish of his heart. But Dora had no mercy; she went on deliberately:

"I am so glad she is coming. She shares your appreciation of the typical English, and Lady Euphrosyne says she is typical."

She was standing at the door, and the curtains closed behind Mr. Tympkins's dejected back. She ran after him, thrusting her head between the curtains. Mr. Tympkins had snatched his hat and coat, and fled. He had banged the door, and had left behind him his gloves and stick—trifling circumstances, but significant of mad disorder in that bosom where passionless order had long had its home.

Returning, Dora found Lady Euphrosyne again stretched in an easy-chair, the tips of her boots on the fender, her hands clasped behind her head and buried in her short curly hair. Her hair was a reddish-brown, and seemed to color the sunbeams playing through it rather than to receive from them any light or warmth.

"You are treating me like an old friend, quite *sans cérémonie*. That's what I like; that's what I came for. I suppose you have thought it very strange, my swooping upon you in this fashion. Well"—with a robust sigh and an attempt at lugubrious expression—"if it hadn't been for my ill health, and the fearful depression consequent upon the death of papa and Harold, poor dears, I suppose I shouldn't have swooped. Come, now; what do you think?"

Dora, struggling with a mental image of Lady Euphrosyne perfectly well and in high spirits, answered, "I don't think; I haven't had time."

Lady Euphrosyne clasped her hands about her knees. "But if I had given you time, what would you think?"

"I should think it was English, and let it alone."

Lady Euphrosyne sprang up, kissed Dora on both cheeks, and declared she had fallen upon another specimen of that excruciating American humor, that she was getting to know it at sight, and that she would soon begin practicing it herself.

Then, with her arm round Dora's waist, they went out of the room, the clarion voice ringing well ahead.

It was six o'clock, and Dora was in the drawing-room alone. Her elbows rested on her knees, her chin in her hands, and her woe-begone eyes on the fire. Mr. Vernon had to ask her twice what was the matter before she seemed to be aware of his presence.

"I'm plunged in gloom. I have always thought, Jack, that it was very nice in you to want to marry me, considering that my name is Tympkins."

The reflection was made to the andirons, preceded and succeeded by a despairing sigh.

"More than nice," he answered, gravely—"noble. A philanthropic scheme to induce you to change it."

She dashed at a fallen log with the tongs. "But I'm a very nice girl, if I am an American, and no Tympkins at all. I'm a great deal nicer than *she*."

Vernon sat down. "That's the milk in the cocoa-nut. What's the matter with her?"

Dora put aside the tongs and brightened visibly. "You've heard. Who told you?"

"The stately Edward asked me to lunch. He was humble and conciliatory. He mentioned casually that Lady Euphrosyne had come, and that she was a fine woman, so thoroughly English. I'm not too quick, but I made up my mind that there was something—to draw it mild—something unexpected about Lady Euphrosyne. What's she like?"

"Like, Jack!" The tone assured Vernon that the vials of his sweetheart's wrath were about to be emptied. He settled his neck on the cushion behind it and waited. Dora leaned forward, lowering her voice. "She's not like anything that any human being—"

A warning cough came down the room, followed elegantly by Mr. Tympkins. Vernon looked disappointed and aggrieved. Dora sprang up.

"We were talking about Lady Euphrosyne. I don't care if she is our guest; she was not asked. I don't care if she's listening behind the portière, which I dare say she is. As a crude provincial—quoted from you, Edward—I must be forgiven ignorance of the habits of English ladies. 'A fine woman'—quoted again, Edward—robustious, I call it. And as for her tongue, it's infinite. I haven't been able to get in a word. There's mamma—every one knows that mamma is amiability itself; but after one hour of your 'fine woman' she sent her away, and positively refuses to be left alone with her."

Dora's torrent of language was stayed by the appearance of her father and mother, with their guest, Miss Halliwell. In a few minutes they went down to a dinner which was short but successful. Mr. Tympkins's sparkling talk suggested to Vernon the intellectual gymnastics in which criminals have been observed to indulge on the way to the gallows, the reckless brilliancy imputed to cavaliers when the plague was at the door. Lady Euphrosyne was alluded to in connection with a headache and weariness, but when they went back to the drawing-room, she was there. Most of the light in the room radiated from her. She was a vision of splendor—a yellow satin splendor. A necklace of rubies and diamonds blazed at her throat, and above it rose her close-cropped, shining head. She presented a study from life, calculated to shake Boston to its centre. She was drawing on her left glove.

"You see I am here, Mrs. Tympkins. I have spent an hour very profitably contemplating Grimshawe, my standard, doing a little mental adjusting. Now I can go on, on a basis, as it were. This is Miss Halliwell, I am sure."

Mrs. Tympkins presented the slim, precise, grave-eyed young lady.

Lady Euphrosyne showered smiles, and grasped Miss Halliwell's cold little hand. "So pleased to meet you! That's the correct American phrase."

"It may be. I have never heard it."

Miss Halliwell's subdued tone did not express anything; neither, for that matter, did her face. But there were worlds of meaning in the instant withdrawal of her hand and retreat to a sofa in a remote corner.

Lady Euphrosyne shook her head and showed her small glittering teeth. It was as if she had said, "You insignificant icicle! do you imagine you can snub me?" She turned her back to Miss Halliwell. "Perhaps I'm wrong. I haven't studied America. I pick up things here and there, and put them together my own way. At home I never pay any attention to foreigners. Give me, I say, an animal in his native haunts, if you want the truth; abroad he is timid or imitative. Influence of the mass on the individual, and all that sort of thing, you know. As for literature, I have no use for it, except literature of the past, personal observation being out of the question, you see. Sometimes, on the first wave of an unknown sea, I look through an accepted author for hints. I confess I did run over some things on America by an American author whom we have taken up somewhat at home, but he has misled me. He is so transparent I could not have misunderstood. There's Mr. Tympkins—Tympkins junior. How d'ye do?"

She waved her hand at Mr. Tympkins, who had been lurking in the hall, gathering himself together for an ordeal. He smiled quite successfully, and said he was well, and hoped Lady Euphrosyne was feeling rested enough for the theatre. She received his polite phrases in her usual way; that is, she appeared not to have heard them.

"So you had an encounter with Grimshawe at the station. She told me how, literally obeying me—faithful creature!—she wouldn't give up the checks or answer your questions. Then she called on the police for protection, and came up with a policeman on the box. Was it not droll? I appeal to you all, was it not droll?"

Appreciation of drollery somewhere was attested by shouts of laughter from Mr. and Mrs. Tympkins in the middle of the room, from Dora and Vernon standing half hidden by the window curtains. But Miss Halliwell would not laugh, and "Tympkins junior" could not. That dismally ludicrous scene at the station had made an epoch in his life too sad for words to touch, no matter how gently. He murmured that he had obtained the luggage on his personal assurance that the checks would be returned. He had written a note to Dora, who, he supposed, had explained.

Dinner had revived Dora's spirits. She was enjoying Miss Halliwell's horror and her brother's discomfiture. She came forward with Vernon, and presented him. Lady Euphrosyne nodded, beamed, clasped his hand, and held it.

"You are like me," she exclaimed.

Vernon laughed in her eyes. "Impossible. You flatter me."

"Yes," cried Lady Euphrosyne, "you are like me—typical. Besides, you are American bone and sinew—brawn, I may say."

Vernon laughed, and she dropped his hand. He was sorry, for her hand was superb, though the rings did hurt.

"Am I?" he asked, apologetically. "What is it? If you like it, I'm proud to be it."

Dora and Miss Halliwell exchanged glances, Miss Halliwell's eyes being nicely charged with sympathy for Dora—for all the Tympkinses. Lady Euphrosyne had now lowered her voice, and had her lips so close to Vernon's ear that without exaggeration she might be said to be whispering to him. The others made attempts at agreeable conversation—futile, since every ear was strained for "her next."

It came very soon.

"Listen. I have made such a frightful blunder. I knew, of course, Dora, that you and Mr. Vernon are engaged. Oh, I had been watching. Nothing escapes me when I'm on the war-path, or the trail. Which do you say? Naturally I haven't mastered strictly aboriginal idioms. So I asked him at once how many more men you were engaged to, and whether he would consult a divorce agent after he bought the marriage license—asked him seriously, I assure you."

Vernon put his hands in his pockets and sauntered over to Dora. Lady Euphrosyne pulled on the right-hand glove. Everybody else felt embarrassed. She went on, soberly:

"And I've considered the marriage question all round. Equality in marriage doesn't seem right. One should give what the other lacks. Now I've had an idea that I ought to wed a simple republican."

She took a step toward Mr. Tympkins, who involuntarily shivered and took a step back. She arrested him with her arm on his shoulders. "Don't be afraid. You're not a republican, and you're not simple. Otherwise I might, you know, and call you my little Tim."

She looked at him with comic sentimentality. There was another explosion of laughter, and Mr. Tympkins wriggled away from her splendid arm as if "about his neck a green and gilded snake had wreathed itself." The carriage was announced, and Lady Euphrosyne bore down on Mr. and Mrs. Tympkins. Suddenly Tympkins junior turned to Vernon:

"For Heaven's sake, come and help me out!"

Vernon looked at Dora. There was a silence, during which Lady Euphrosyne was heard declaring that she would pay any money to see a good show, which she believed to be the epigrammatic American expression of the nation's fundamental principle. Moreover, that she hardly knew how she would go over America with five thousand pounds, which was all her solicitor would agree to place to her credit, though she had assured the odious man that it was a mere *pourboire*.

"Don't let me keep you," said Dora, savagely, in answer to Vernon's look. He bowed. "Then I'll go." She took his arm.

"I'll go too. People shall see that at least she's respectable. Nellie, I know you well enough to ask a favor. Let us all go to the theatre."

This was Miss Halliwell's moment. She rose, and with a wintry smile said: "Dear, you must excuse me. I am promised at the Gileses' reception. And I was just making up my mind to say good-by. Now I must go."

She went, and as Mr. Tympkins handed her into her carriage he made no sign of suffering. Nevertheless there was anguish for him in the sight of Miss Halliwell whirling away to the Gileses' reception, her tongue fired with the best thing of the season—the Tympkinses and their Lady Euphrosyne.

The theatre was crowded with an ultra-fashionable audience. The attraction was a handsome young Englishman, whose distinguished manner of touching a bell to call a servant was declared the most distracting imitation of a gentleman ever offered to a society abandoned to discernment of fine points.

Lady Euphrosyne took the front seat, facing the stage. Dora hesitated, then sat down opposite. Vernon placed himself in full view behind her, but Mr. Tympkins modestly shrank behind the curtains. Mr. Tympkins was alarmingly agitated. His cheeks were scarlet; his brow was moist; when forced to speak, he muttered so huskily that Lady Euphrosyne conjured him frequently to speak up and not be afraid. She leaned over the cushions and, commenting volubly, swept the house with her glass—a scrutiny which the house was not slow to return. When the *jeune premier* lounged in sight she applauded, sank back in her chair, and absorbed herself in him. While he was on the stage—and he held it through four acts—she behaved with absolute propriety. Between acts she was frolicsome, but in the general clatter of tongues that could be borne.

It was toward the close of the fifth act that Mr. Leopold Langdon achieved his unapproachable bell touch. The silver note rang through the house. Serene security was stealing over Mr. Tympkins, for the end was at hand, and nothing too outrageous for explanation had happened. Mr. Leopold Langdon, posed with inimitable negligence in a luxurious chair, kept one haughty eye on the approaching footman, one genial eye on the enthusiastic audience. Lady Euphrosyne rose, leaned half out of the box, and flung her bunch of Jacqueminots with so strong an arm and sure an aim that it fell fair on the crossed knees of Mr. Leopold Langdon.

He rose, looked straight at Lady Euphrosyne, and bowed. She nodded back; she smiled, and smiled. Then she said to Dora: "I've had enough. Let's go."

Dora looked at her fiercely. "I will stay till the end. Every one is talking about us now. I will stay."

Lady Euphrosyne laughed most amiably. "Very well, my pretty pepper-box, as you please."

She sat down on the sofa in the background and relapsed into satisfactory silence. She said "Ta-ta" to Mr. Tympkins's formal "good-night" at the theatre door. Driving home, she uttered only two or three monosyllables, and neither Vernon nor Dora felt obliged to draw her out. Vernon went in with them, and Lady Euphrosyne, after kissing Dora and assuring Vernon that he was the sort of man with whom she was thoroughly *en rapport*, bade them "good-night."

Vernon was going away, when he said, impressively: "I sha'n't see you till to-morrow evening. But don't go out alone with that woman. I'm three-quarters ashamed to speak of it, but a man can't help seeing things. I had to hold that bouquet, and there was something white fastened in the middle." Then he bolted, leaving Dora a prey to awful speculation.

"Where is she? Has she spent the day with you? Has she taken a notion to stay in your rooms and do a little mental adjusting? I believe she has. I believe you have the effrontery to come here and tell me that it's her English way, which I'm too provincial to understand."

Dora poured this torrent of question and accusation upon her brother as he came into the drawing-room about half past eight the next evening. He came in timorously; he cast hurried glances right and left, as if he feared a lurking assassin in the perfectly familiar room. As Dora addressed him, more expressions flitted over his face than he would voluntarily have allowed himself in a year.

"On my word, Dora, I haven't seen her since last night," he stammered. "I don't know what you mean."

"You don't," searching his soul with dilated eyes. "Then it's Jack!" The words rang through the room, a cry of denunciatory wrath. "I might have known. It was just as plain—just as plain as her impudence, that she meant to lay siege to Jack! Oh! oh! oh! what shall I do?"

She held out her hands to Mr. Tympkins. In swift appreciation and sympathy he put his arm round her. He silently allied with her against Lady Euphrosyne and Jack. The understanding was complete.

"Tell me all about it, dear, *dear* Dora."

Dora put her head on his shoulder, choked and sobbed, and finally found words.

"Neddie, she went out before breakfast this morning. She left word with that insufferable Grimshawe that she meant to see the town alone; she wished to be thoroughly American, independent, and a lot more rubbish. I was so glad! I only hoped she would fall into the Frog-pond and perish. I hope she has; but no—I know it's Jack." Here Dora sobbed and choked again, and was not soothed until Mr. Tympkins had muttered "Outrageous!" "Infamous!" over and over with belligerent emphasis.

"And this whole day, Neddie, I've been besieged. There are cards for Lady Euphrosyne, invitations including Lady Euphrosyne. A score of men called, and every one of them looked as if he expected a—a circus. And last of all a note from Mrs. Simonds, begging me to bring Lady Euphrosyne to the ball to-night. Already the town was talking about her beauty and her fascinations. That means, Neddie, already the town is splitting its sides over us. I saw it all. I made up my mind that when she came in I'd handle her without gloves. I'd tell her plainly that she's making a fool of herself. But she hasn't come, and Jack hasn't come."

"He has! he has!" Dora's voice had not been too sweet and low, for the interruption came from the farther end of the room. She tore herself from Mr. Tympkins and stood trembling. Vernon's voice sounded nearer.

"I'm late, I know, but I've brought such good news that—"

"Then you have seen her. It was you!" Dora stood directly in front of Vernon, an image of slighted beauty bent upon vengeance. "How dare you come here and tell me? Where is she?"

Vernon took her hands. "My dear, she is—gone."

"Gone!" shouted Mr. Tympkins.

"Gone!" echoed Dora, and hid her face in Vernon's coat.

Mr. Tympkins discreetly took counsel with the fire. Presently Vernon said: "The tale is short and simple. I was eating my dinner at the hotel, quietly, inoffensively, when she fell upon me. She talked for ten minutes, and I made just two ideas my own. One, that Grimshawe and the luggage are to be packed down to the hotel right off. The other, that she leaves for Chicago at midnight. She sends you this note."

Dora flew to the light. A violent shudder shook Mr. Tympkins. "By-the-way, Vernon"—he tried to speak naturally—"is she alone? Perhaps I'd better—"

Vernon slapped him on the back. "No need, no need. There's a man with her."

"A man!" screamed Dora, as she opened the note. "Oh, the wr-r-retch! Listen—listen to this:

"'I adore surprises. I am going to surprise you. You are charming; I adore you. That is not the surprise. You are all charming, even your worthy brother, my dear dead Harold's friend. Harold was, not to speak it profanely, a little slow, and I can not but discover resemblance in that respect between him and your truly estimable brother, to whom commend me. And Mr. Vernon, he is tremendously satisfactory. He is like me, as I say—as those giddy French say—a *type*. When I think of the American humor which you two will embody, as it were, I am tempted to promise to visit you just as soon as you are settled. But for the present I must leave you. To-day I have married one who has long had my heart. He is my very soul, though the ignorant prejudice of an old society scorns him.

"'My solicitor, also my dear dead papa's most intimate friend, was, indeed, so infuriated as to declare that unless the infernal young scamp (my soul!) should leave the country, he would have him shot by special order of the Queen. I, knowing my solicitor's inflexible resolution, and her Majesty's mania for preserving the integrity of the aristocracy, bade him fly. But I followed, and we are one. I have telegraphed the marriage across. Please ask Mr. Tympkins to insert it in your newspapers. He is so good about doing little things himself! Will you send Grimshawe and the luggage down to the inn? We will go home by Corea and the Himalayas. Believe that I regret those promised scientific chats and explorations among your savage tribes.

"'Ever your loving friend,

"'Euphrosyne Langdon.'"

"Langdon!" said Mr. Tympkins, in a bewildered way. "That must be—"

"Of course it is," interrupted Dora, with quiet scorn. Then, looking radiantly at Vernon: "How clever you are, Jack! You said there was a note in that bouquet. Here's a postscript: 'There will be a row with Leopold's manager. But we'll slip off to-night, and arrange it all by telegraph. I hope Mr. Tympkins will not grieve for me.'"

"Grieve for her!" shouted Mr. Tympkins, who, as Dora read the letter, had been tossing his hat in the air, shouting hurrah, slapping Vernon on the back, and altogether conducting himself like a man with irrepressible natural impulses—"grieve for her! I have not had such an emotion of joy for ten years back. And honestly, Dora, I meant to desert you and her at Simonds's door. I meant to fly to New York—to the devil—anywhere out of sound of her voice."

Dora put her hands on his shoulders: "Down on your knees, Neddie, and thank Heaven—"

"I do," he exclaimed, fervently, "for the bird of freedom, for great and glorious American institootions, and, above all—above all, Dora—for you."

"Amen," said Vernon. "Let's go and be merry at Simonds's ball."

Annie Robertson Macfarlane.

THE PASSING OF LINCOLN.

The legions came, by chieftains urged,
  Unto the bugle call;
The brain of forty empires surged
  Within that spacious hall.
The band whose colors made their way
  Through conflicts slow to cease,
Now gathered here once more to say
  What soul should rule in peace.
Starred flags were flowing overhead
  Above the fair and strong,
And portraits of the worshipped dead
  Gazed through the living throng.

A rugged, tender, suff'ring face
  Looked kindly over all—
He who with strong and awkward grace
  First sounded Victory's call;
The chief who with stern nerve-controls
  Slaved for his country's need,
The while by him three million souls
  From servitude were freed;
Who, clear of head and strong of heart,
  Had fought dissension down,
And, if God takes a hero's part,
  Now wears a kingly crown.

Near and more near that portrait stood,
  To those of thoughtful mind,
Until his shade, serene and good,
  Seemed stepping from behind.
It was as if the nation cried
  For help of him anon,
And once more drew him from beside
  The murmuring Sangamon.
It was as if the saint and sage
  Had e'en from heaven appeared,
To shield his country from the rage
  Of dangers felt and feared.

And thus he, silent, seemed to speak:
  "O men with power untold,
Think long to-day before you seek
  A man of selfish mould!
Well was it spoke by one now laid
  On Erie's restful shore,
In *homes* the nation's choice is made,
  Not 'mid this tempest-roar.
Your every step high Heaven hears:
  See that 'tis straight and sure;
That no man as your chief appears
  Who is not clean and pure!"

The henchmen waved their hands and cheered
  The name they had been told;
A thousand glittering flags appeared,
  By crafty plan unrolled;
Conspiracy with brazen face
  Glared 'neath the Martyr's eyes;
A hand by office-greed disgraced
  Moved nearer to the prize;
And when the midnight forced belief
  That guile had won the race,
To those who looked, a shade of grief
  Swept o'er the Martyr's face.

And when the morning vistas rung
  With victory's reckless note,
And cries of blatant bliss were flung
  From many a hireling throat,
It seemed unto the thoughtful-eyed
  As if the saint had gone
Once more unto his rest beside
  The murmuring Sangamon;
For e'en his semblance naught could save
  That brilliant scene to crown;
The demagogue's tempestuous wave
  Had torn the Martyr down.

Dexter Smith.

GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.

The death of General Webb, on the 7th inst., at the age of eighty-two, removes a man who in his time acted a very prominent part in American journalism and politics. The son of General Samuel B. Webb, a brave and distinguished Revolutionary soldier, his early predilections were for a military life; but after a brief career in the army, most of which was passed on the frontier in service against the Indians, he resigned his lieutenant's commission, and coming to New York, entered the ranks of journalism. In 1827 he became part proprietor and chief editor of the *Morning Courier*, and two years later combined with it the *Enquirer*, which he purchased from M. M. Noah.

At that time the press of New York was almost provincial in character. The editorials were meagre and insignificant. The news from Washington was nearly a week old when it appeared in print. Mr. Webb, then a young man full of fire and enterprise, infused new life into the Sleepy Hollow journalism of the day. He organized a system of pony expresses between New York and Washington, by which he received news from the national capital twenty-four hours in advance of the mail, and made great improvements in the methods of obtaining European news from incoming ships. A swift yacht, built expressly for him by Isaac Webb, boarded ships at a distance of seventy-five or a hundred miles outside of Sandy Hook, and enabled him to procure files of newspapers and correspondence in advance of all rivals. The vigorous enterprise displayed by Mr. Webb placed the *Courier and Enquirer* in the front rank of American journalism, and kept it there until the advent of steamships and the telegraph made a radical change in the whole system of collecting news. In 1861 the *Courier and Enquirer* was merged in the New York *World*, and Mr. Webb retired from journalism.

In early life a Democrat, afterward an active and influential Whig, General Webb — who acquired his military title from his appointment as Brigadier-General of Militia in 1851—found it impossible to ally himself with any political organization when the Whig party became extinct. He disliked the Abolitionists, and could not see his way to joining the moderate Democrats. In 1861 he was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to Brazil, and held the post until 1869, when he left it voluntarily in consequence of a personal disagreement with the Brazilian government.

General Webb was a man of quick temper, and was often involved in serious difficulties with his contemporaries in journalism and with politicians. The most memorable of these disputes resulted in a duel, in 1842, with the Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky. The meeting took place in Delaware. General Webb was indicted for leaving the State with the intention of fighting a duel, tried, convicted, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but was immediately pardoned by Governor Seward.

In connection with the mention of this duel we are permitted to relate some reminiscences of an old New York pressman, which have never been given to the public.

Shortly after the duel, and while still under sentence of imprisonment, General Webb sent for this gentleman, and asked him how soon a complete newspaper office, including presses and composing-room, could be fitted up. "I make this inquiry," said the General, "because I understand that a movement is on foot to force me to withdraw from the *Courier and Enquirer* in consequence of my part in the duel with Marshall; and the matter may depend on the celerity with which I may be able to start a rival paper."

"Within twenty-four hours," was the prompt reply. It was satisfactory to General Webb; and as he remained on the *Courier and Enquirer* for nearly twenty years thereafter, it is to be presumed that his partners were also satisfied—that he would be a dangerous rival.

While engaged in conversation with this friend, General Webb gave him a few particulars of the duel. He had promised his wife, before setting out for the encounter, not to take the life of his rival. The General was a first-rate shot, and when he acquainted his second with his determination to fire into the ground, the latter remonstrated with him for risking his life in this manner.

"Mr. Marshall," said the second, "has been practicing with a pistol for weeks, and can cut an inch ribbon at ten paces every shot."

"I don't care for that," replied the General; "the ribbon doesn't hold a pistol, which, as I know, makes all the difference in the world."

True to his promise, General Webb fired into the ground. A second round followed, and the General again threw away his shot, but was severely wounded in the knee by his antagonist, and was unable to stand. The seconds decided that the duel was closed, but Mr. Marshall insisted on another round. In vain the seconds protested, until General Webb, tired of the altercation, and forgetting his promise to his wife, exclaimed, "Put me in a chair, if he wants another round, and I'll kill him!"

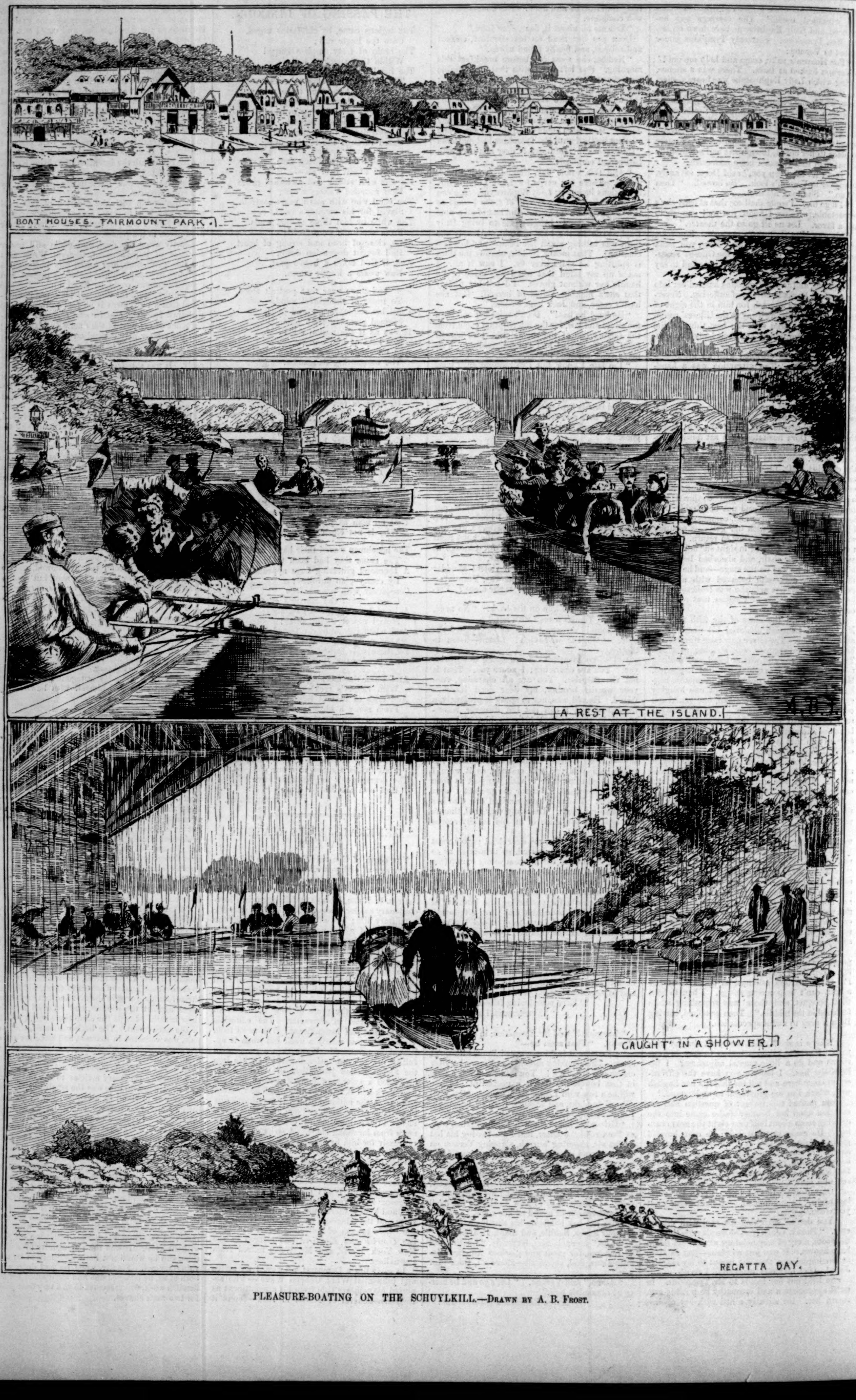
That ended the fighting. General Webb could probably have slain his antagonist in the first round; but contented himself with bewildering his aim by drawing his fire.

A JAPANESE SHAVE.

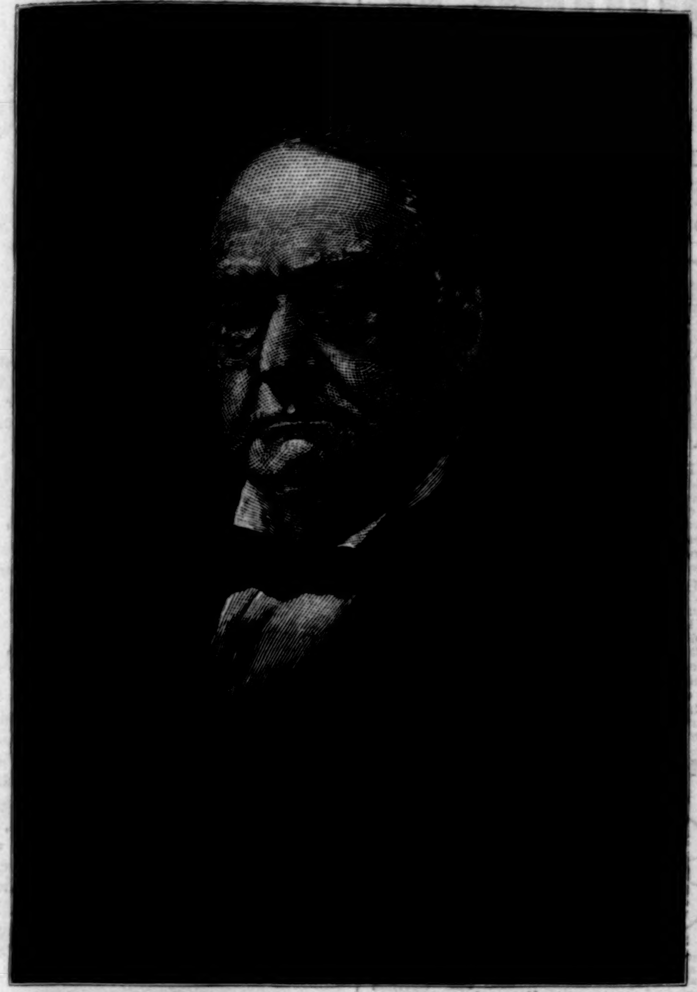
Of all the towns in Japan accessible to the foreigner, Kioto is by far the most interesting. There is no European quarter, and judging from the behavior of the natives, I should say that the average of Europeans finding their way thither in the course of a year is small. We did a good deal of miscellaneous shopping, and wherever we went there assembled a crowd of people of all ages and both sexes. They were very quiet, and not intentionally rude, but their capacity for a prolonged steady stare is infinite. What they say did not—at least, not immediately—suggest interchange of remark. They just stood and dumbly stared, watching every slightest motion or gesture of the strange beings who had dropped from Heaven knows where upon the streets of their city.

On the night of our arrival we went to a barber's shop for a shave, necessary after four days' travel. As our jinrickshas drew up at the barber's shop the crowd began to gather, and when it was discovered that two foreigners were actually about to be shaved, the excitement throughout the quarter deepened in intensity. The crowd blocked up the narrow street, those behind trying to see over the heads of others in front, whilst the thrice fortunate ones in the first line flattened their noses against the window, and steamed it with their breath. Inside the shop there was a reflex of the excitement. The barber himself, though pale, was collected in manner, and gave me only one gash. But his whole family were ranged in a group in the kitchen, which opened into the shop. The assistants stood around, from time to time handing necessary articles to the operator. The most hopeless case was the small boy, whose duty it was to stand by and hand paper, combs, brush, towel, or whatever might be needed by the barber. He stood at the elbow of the chair whilst I was being shaved, with his face half a foot from mine, his lips slightly parted, and a pair of great brown eyes unnaturally extended fixed on my face. I fancy he was in a condition of modified catalepsy. At any rate, he neither moved nor spoke whilst the barber rasped me, and when I vacated the chair in favor of my young friend he began afresh on him.

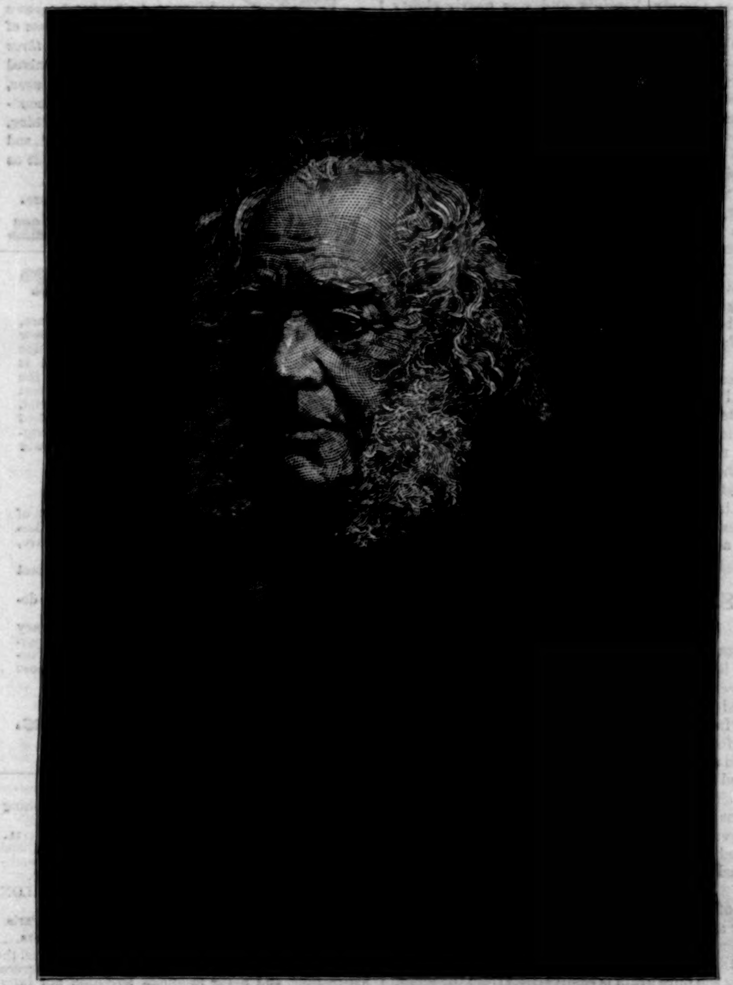
It was the most villainous shave I ever suffered. A dinner-knife would have been for the purpose a luxurious article compared with the razor. I besought the barber to let me off, but without avail. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, and he would not limit its duration by any voluntary act. Finally, when he had done with both of us, he charged one and eightpence for his fiendish work, which seemed to us a very dear price for two such shaves.


BOAT HOUSES. FAIRMOUNT PARK.
A REST AT THE ISLAND.
A.B.F.
CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.
REGATTA DAY.

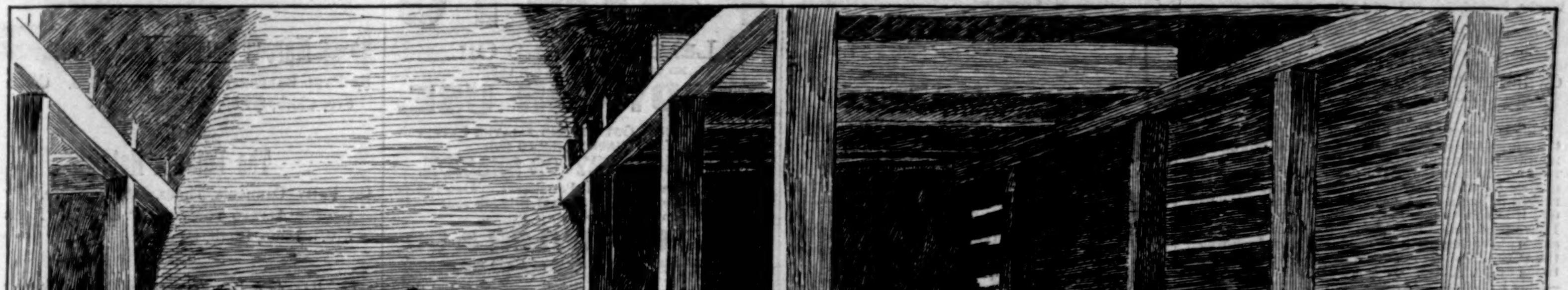
PLEASURE-BOATING ON THE SCHUYLKILL.—Drawn by A. B. Frost.



THE LATE JUDGE NOAH HAYNES SWAYNE.—[See Page 402.]



THE LATE GENERAL JAMES WATSON WEBB.—Photo. by Fredericks.—[See Page 399.]



WAYFARERS' LODGE IN PHILADELPHIA—SETTING THE TRAMPS AT WORK.—From a Sketch by H. L. Brown.—[See Page 402.]

THE LATE JUSTICE SWAYNE.

NOAH HAYNES SWAYNE, ex-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, who died in this city on the 8th inst., was a native of Culpepper County, Virginia, and was nearly eighty years of age. Acquiring his early education by private study while a clerk for an apothecary in Alexandria, he prepared himself for the medical profession, but changed his intentions, and began the study of the law at Warrenton. Soon after his admission to the bar in 1824 he removed to Coshocton, Ohio. In 1839 he was elected to the Ohio Legislature, and in the following year was appointed United States District Attorney for that State. He held the latter position for nine years, during which he lived in Columbus.

In 1834 he was chosen Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, but declined to accept the office. Two years later he was again elected to the Legislature, where he took a prominent part in organizing State asylums and other institutions for the blind, the insane, and the deaf and dumb. On January 4, 1862, he was appointed by President LINCOLN a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Judge SWAYNE discharged his judicial duties with faithfulness and ability for nineteen years, resigning on January 25, 1881. He has since, under the general law on the subject, received a pension equal to his salary while on the bench. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Judge SWAYNE by Dartmouth College in 1863. Among his sons is General JOHN WAGER SWAYNE, a veteran of the war, who is now a well-known lawyer in New York.

SETTING THE TRAMPS AT WORK.

THE highly important question of what to do with beggars and tramps has, in part at least, been answered in a practical way by the newly established charity in Philadelphia known as "The Wayfarers' Lodge." Men of these classes applying for help are given a supper consisting of bread and stewed fruit, after which they are compelled to divest themselves of their clothing, which is then subjected to a process of steaming, by means of which any impurities are thoroughly destroyed. While this is going on, the men are required to take a bath, after which they are furnished with a clean night dress, and sent off to bed. In the morning they are given a breakfast of the same fare as the supper, and immediately afterward are sent into the yard to saw and chop wood as an equivalent for the food and lodging they have received. This is the test point where the pure grain is easily sifted from the chaff. For those who are found deserving, situations are procured as rapidly as possible, while the others are marched off at double-quick to the House of Correction.

THE HORSFORD ALMANAC AND COOK-BOOK Mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.—[*Adv.*]

FROM COL. D. McDANIEL,

OWNER OF SOME OF THE FASTEST RUNNING HORSES IN THE WORLD.

JEROME PARK, *June* 21.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment and Derby Condition Powders on my race-horses, and found them to give perfect satisfaction. In fact, they have never failed to cure any ailment for which they are used. The liniment, when rubbed in by the hand, never blisters or takes the hair off; it has more penetrative qualities than any other I have tried, which I suppose is the great secret of its success in curing sprains. The ingredients from which the Derby Powders are made have been made known to me by Dr. Tobias. They are perfectly harmless.
—[*Adv.*] D. McDANIEL.

THE PEOPLE'S WORLD-WIDE VERDICT.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE has been sold in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the *cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.* BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and best.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

IF you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.—[*Adv.*]

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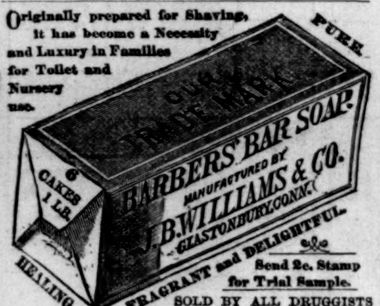
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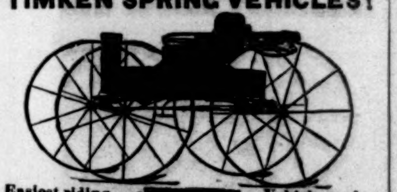

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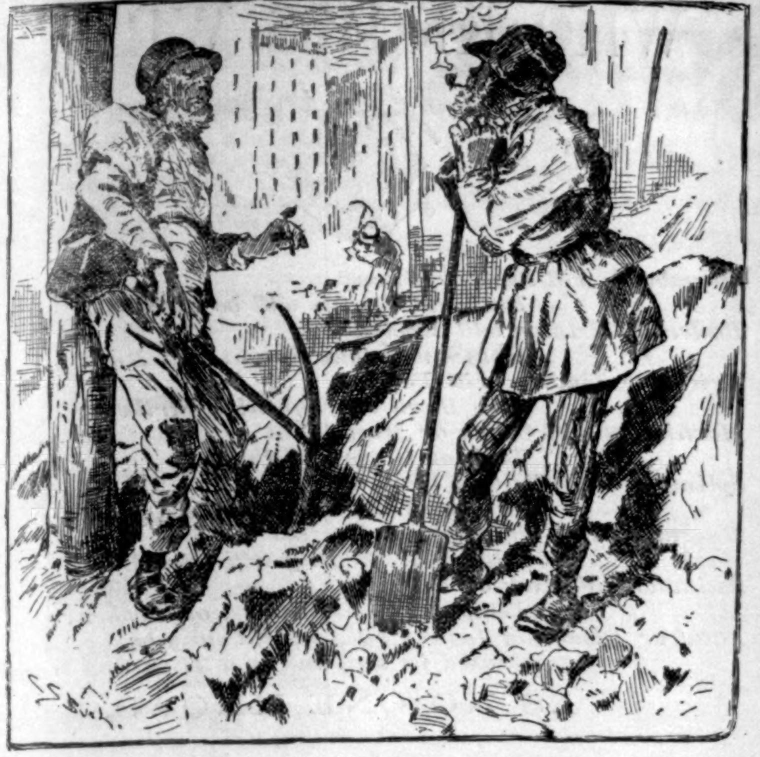

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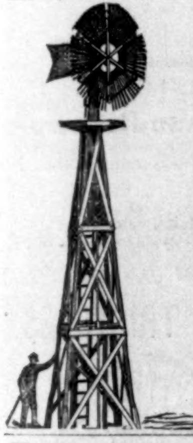
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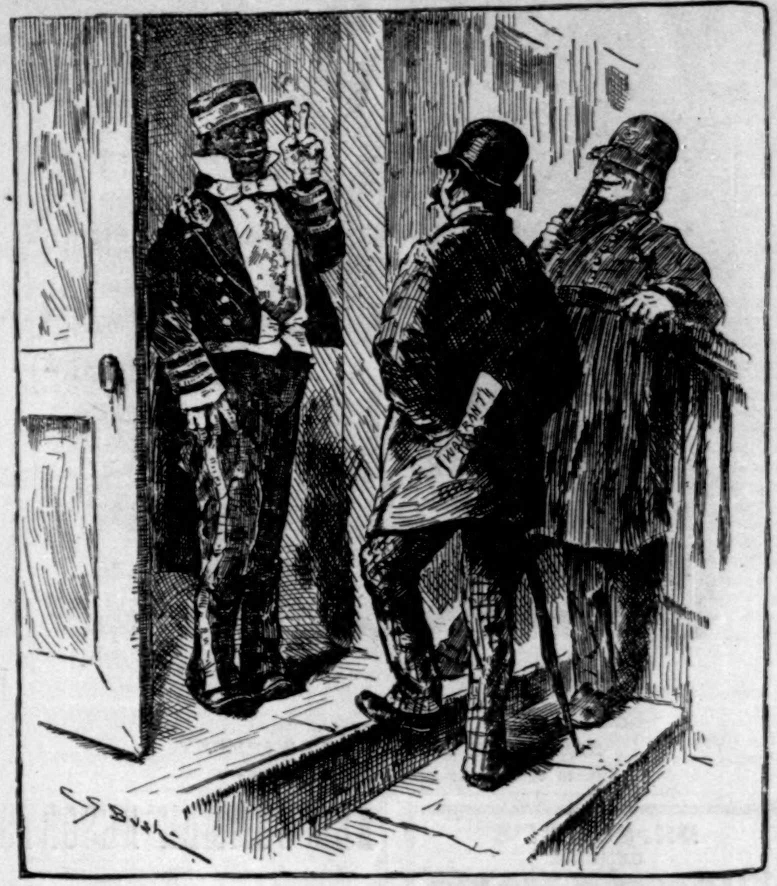

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